RIP OFF PRESS INC.

N° 29

RIP OFF COMIX

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ADULT MATERIAL

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SOON TO BE A MAJOR CONCEPT

You read a lot in the critical comic press about how comics are finally making small inroads toward acceptance as a real "adult" form of literature after years of restriction to the juvenile realm. They've got it *backwards*.

Comics aren't becoming acceptable. Everything else is *becoming* comics. *Everything*.

Classes on the comics medium are now taught in most major universities for graduate credit and, in those same schools, liberal arts professors use comic books to teach their writing classes because current students can't retain an idea larger than a panel-sized word balloon. Garish comic paintings now grace the walls of art museums, banishing the works of the Old Masters to dusty storage rooms, fit only to sell to foreign billionaires. The military uses cartoons to train sub-literate recruits on how to fire its complicated, over- priced, comic book weaponry. "Newspapers" like *USA Today™* and TV "news" shows like *ET Tonight™* are only one small step above simple-minded cartoons as it stands. In book shops, trade paperback comic collections crowd out anything more complex than a Gary Larson *Far Side* Calendar or *The Bedside Garfield*, practically all that's available to the reading public anymore, thanks to mega-chain behemoths like Crown Books and Walden's. Why, we even had a cartoon President for most of the 80's and our current V.P. (rising in the popularity polls) has an IQ lower than the imaginary Papa Smurf™.

Comics will be the *only* form of culture allowed us by our fascist corporate masters in the near future. And with good reason.

But hey—who cares about those reasons, anyway? Not me. I'm a stand-up cartoonist and proud of it, looking forward to a golden age of business opportunity!

Hollywood is calling.

They get all their ideas from comic books: Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles™. The Rocketeer™. Swamp Thing™. Dick Tracy™. Batman™. Darkman™. Roger Rabbit™. Judge Dredd™. The Flintstones™. The studios' appetite for cartoonists' creations is insatiable. And why not? They ran out of adult ideas years ago.

Of course, one needn't go to the bother of sitting down and actually *drawing* a comic strip. They take too long, too much labor. Once the ball is in motion, it's easy enough just to hire some starving peers for minimum wage who'll take up pen and ink while you take up meetings with the merchandising "suits." Once you have an idea (a simple idea, mind you, or all your hard spent minutes of brainwork will be for naught), call it a "major concept" and get on the cellular to your agent.

Anyone out there want to option **DINOBOY™**? Dinosaurs are going to be HYPERHOT in the coming market period, never mind those news articles about how cows are The Next Big Thing. H.S. Robins and I got tired of producing our labor-intensive, intricately detailed adventures of the lovable tyke and, with minimal effort, lined up a DEAL for a Major Motion Picture only last year. We had the full platter: Twenty gross points on a $65 million movie, sequels *and* creative control; a **DINOBOY™** afternoon kids' cartoon show (animated by slave labor in Brazil); the **DINOBOY™** Just Say No to Drugs public service campaign (to convince parents it's a Good Thing); **DINOBOY™** and **DINOBOT™** Action Figures (**DINOBOY™** Mystery Political Prison, Toxi Glop Slinger and APC Riot Cruiser sold separately); a chain of **DINOBOY™** theme parks; a full line of **DINOBOY™** snack foods; and international stadium tour by a contract-musician **DINOBOY™** rock band; **DINOBOY™** Nintendo™ games; even a set of commemorative **DINOBOY™** plates from the Franklin Mint. By 1995 **DINOBOY™** would be better known than Ronald McDonald™, Jesus and Bart Simpson™ put together.

Unfortunately, our so-called backers dropped out. We were all set to begin production on the first **DINOBOY™** epic, **"Asshole With a Gun,"** (his action / romance / science fiction / western / nuclear- war / political-thriller / sex-comedy flick), when it turned out our exec producers were, in our agent's words, "...a bunch of !@#$%&! scoundrels." It seems that since the script lacked a half-dozen talking babies, a torrid, nude decapitation scene and a setting in an Arabian desert, post-Armageddon war zone, it didn't "make them wet." The instant the contract hit the desk for signing, they vaporized. The search begins for a brand new sack of off-shore bank dollars. In the meantime, our director's split to Southern Cal to direct fog & fireworks videos for lip-synching, dancing mutes with Big Hair. Shucks. Of course, we expect interest from the Japanese for an option on the them parks, but probably not for a couple more months, at least.

Well, the shuffle goes on. You can't keep a good concept down. Besides, I've got other ideas too. Awhile back, I noticed that the basic belief systems of all the major world religions weren't much more complex than those contained in a 24-page comic book. They had super-guys flying through the air, talking salamanders, ectoplasmic ghosts, good against evil stereotypes—all that crap Joseph Campbell was always going on and on about.

In spite of this, I can't seem to get any film people interested in my 800-page storyboard screen treatment of **"The Life of the Prophet."** They're all craven cowards down in L.A. I mean with the big up and coming sand melee, the market's going to go through the roof for Middle Eastern byproduct. Sure, sure, that blasphemer Rushdie got into trouble over his novel with the Moslem God Squad, but that was *literature*. We're talking *entertainment. Everybody loves movies*.

Maybe if I retitled it **"The Satanic Nurses"**, they might go for it. Throw in a little kinky sex and some ultra-violence; set it on a hog farm in Mexico (cheaper to produce there, no sense wasting the coke budget on unnecessary expenses like sets. We'll shoot miniatures. What do you think creative accountants are for?); make Mohammed into a woman (Molly Ringwald? Cheryl Ladd? Drew Barrymore?), no—wait, let's make her an ex-intelligence assassin on the run from her desperate, corrupt past—she knows too much (the religious, mystical angle); give her a romance interest (John Hurt? Jim Belushi? Gary Coleman?)—yeah, OK, so it's Drew Barrymore and Gary Coleman; get a couple of brat packers for supporting roles; turn the Mecca meteorite into a crashed alien spacecraft; hire a hot director like, say, Tim Burton; line up a soundtrack by INXS and New Kids on the Block to get the youth market into the mall mini-multiplexes.

Beautiful!

Oddly enough, the one thing the film people do seem to be intrigued by (see backcover FFB #11) is the **Fabulous, Furry Freak Brothers™** classic comic **"The Idiots Abroad"**. I know, I know—it *would* make an absurd movie—but, hell, they want to pay Rip Off Press a pile of money for it—well, a little pile of money, anyway... maybe. At least a few monkey points and our agent promises that we get the right to keep drawing the comic for minimum wage.

Can you believe we're *this* naive? How dumb can Rip Off Press get? OK WE CAN GET **THIS** DUMB: How about Don Johnson as Norbert the Nark; Dennis Hopper as Smilin' Mylan; Danny DeVito as Pablo Pegasso; Jamie Lee Curtis as Koo Koo Pegasso? And since we're talking Major Live Action pic here, how's about: Roseanne Barr playing Fat Freddy; Danny Glover as Phineas; Freewheelin' Franklin played by the Arnold; and round it off with Eddie Murphy as the Voice of the Cat? Wow! What a package! How about if Terry Gilliam and Joe Esterhaus write the screenplay? Yeah! And contract Industrial Light & Magic for the FX sequences? We'll line up Spielburger to direct. How about if... you get the picture?

Yes—the same old *movie* picture. We'll just throw in a couple of crashed alien spaceships; a steamy safe-sex scene between DeVito and Fat Freddy; turn all the terrorists into beautiful, international tourist fashion models; hire Guns & Roses, Madonna (if she's still popular next year) and John Williams for the music; set it on a hog farm in Mexico; and retitle it **"The Satanic Nurses."**

Beautiful!

Ghahh! This sounds *exactly* like my screenplay for **"The Book of the SubGenius."**

—Paul Mavrides

RIP OFF COMIX No. 29
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EDITED BY KATHE TODD

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BACK COVER BY GILBERT SHELTON

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FOR CAT YRONWOOD

©1990 ERIC VILLEN 1984

WHAT ABOUT THE BAND CANDY? WILL YOU STILL BUY A CASE? YOU PROMISED YOU'D...
YES, YES, YES! HMMM....EVERYTHING IN ORDER? FUN GOOP? THING MAKER? SCAREY MUSIC? SCAREY!?! IGOR!
IGOR!
READER'S DIGEST HOW TO
YES MASTER?
JUST WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU PIPING INTO THE DUNGEON? HMMMMM?
"101 STRINGS" MASTER...SIDE B I THINK-"MINOR MONSTER CLASSICS."
POK POK POK
DUM DE DUM
!?
SHOOO SHOO GIT!!
ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT!
WE'LL MAKE DO....
TURN ON THE SIDEREAL COSMO-GENERATORS....
SMAK
BOINK
DIM THE LIGHTS... HIT THE HEIGHTS... NO BUSINESS LIKE....
CLICHES WARMED UP?
READY TO GO!!
EEEKK!
GIGGLE
POP
CRACKA
BOOM
AGOTH...
AGOTH!
AGOTH
DHO YOU WAHNA SHACHE YOU BOOTY?
AGOTH!
C'MON DAMMIT!
RUMMBLE
BEHOLD!
FRED COMES!

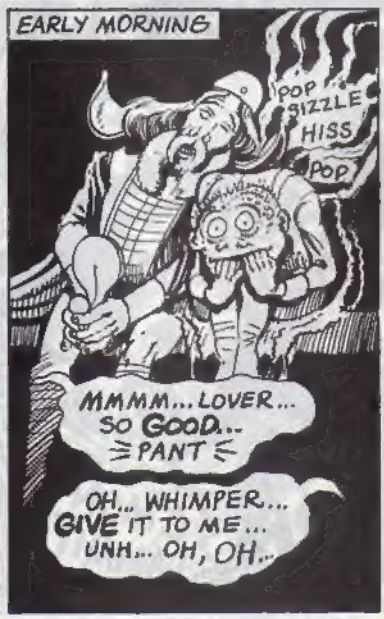
HMMM? OH NO, THAT'S CHIPPER, CHIPPER THE DEMON. CHIPPER AND BOFFY ARE BOTH PREMATURE EJACULATORS. NOT ME THOUGH— I'M IN FOR THE DURATION - THE LONG HAUL, SO TO SPEAK....
PARDON ME WHILE I ADJUST MY SIZE, O.K?
TAP TAP TAP!

ZIP
LOOK...UH, LET'S GET TO IT, O.K.? RAVISH THE GIRL AND GRANT ME CONTROL OVER YOU IN EXCHANGE FOR MY MORTAL SOUL....
HI!
GOSH...

WHAT?! LISSEN, "MR. MACHO"... I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU LEARNED YOUR BED MANNERS, BUT I'M INTO SENSITIVITY. "FORE-PLAY OR NO-PLAY"... THATS MY MOTTO!
ERK.K....
NOW BOYS... DON'T FIGHT!
UH... OK, OK!! SOME HELLISH TABLEAU THIS TURNED OUT TO BE.... ... I'LL NEVER MAKE THE SORCERER'S YEARBOOK THIS WAY!!

LATER
SO...YOU COME HERE OFTEN? CARE FOR SOME ZINFANDEL ? MMM... CHILLED GLASSES....
WELL, ACTUALLY, NO. SEE, I WAS OUT SELLING BAND CANDY AND THIS CRAZY WIZARD PULLS UP IN A BUICK... GIGGLE... LISTEN, I LOVE YOUR MUSCLES...

MUCH LATER
YAWNNNN
POK
POK
POK
POK
OH... GASP... GIGGLE I... I NEVER IMAGINED YOU COULD DO THAT! OH... OH...
JUST TELL ME WHAT FEELS NICE, DARLIN'....


EARLY MORNING
POP
SIZZLE
HISS
POP
MMMM... LOVER... SO GOOD... ≥PANT≤
OH... WHIMPER... GIVE IT TO ME... UNH... OH, OH...

WELL... YAWN... IS THAT IT? IS THAT ALL?!
STUFF IT, MERLIN! FRED WAS MAGNIFICENT!
MMMM... THANX...

NO! NO! DAMMIT.... I CONJURED YOU UP! WHAT ABOUT ME!!! ME!!

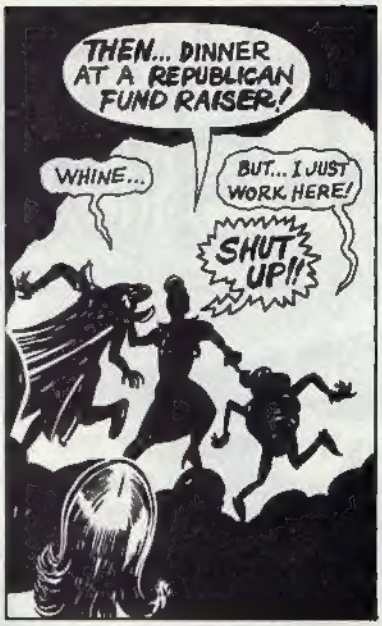
I'M NOT INTO THAT! SUMMON TED OR PAT FOR THAT KINDA SCENE....
BESIDES... YOU DID GET TO WATCH!
YEAH, YA FRUIT! NYAAAAH!

NO NO NO
SOB
MOAN
YAH
NNGGH
ARF
STOMP STOMP STOMP

SUDDENLY
THUD
CRUNCH
THUD
OH SHIT...

CRACKA THUNDA BOOOOOOMMMM
EH?
WHAA!?
WHAT THA HELL'S GOING ON HERE!?!

WHAT HELLISH DEBAUCHERY?!? WHAT SINFUL MADNESS?! WHO ARE YOU? AND WHAT IS...
THAT!?!
AHEM... A PAINFUL AND DIFFICULT CONDITION, MADAM.... IN A PREVIOUS LIFE, I PUBLISHED A MEN'S MAGAZINE, SO I'M DAMNED TO AN ETERNAL CONDITION OF "PRIAPISM".=SIGH= FRANKLY, I THINK IT'S ALL OF THE BAD POETRY I WROTE....
MMMM...
NO.... I BET IT WAS THE CLEAR DISCO JEANS...
UH... MAYBE THE EDIBLE PANTIES?
WELL STOP IT!! RIGHT NOW!
...
WHAM
VERT
AAARGGH!! I DON'T NEED THIS!! I'M SPLITTING!! HISSSSSSS....
LOVER! WAIT! WAIT...
OH... FUDGE
POOF
HEY!! LADY.... YOU'RE BUMMING OUR SCENE!!
I'LL "BUM" YOU!! THESE ARE THE 1980'S, BUSTER... THE AGE OF THE NEW RIGHT, RONNIE RAYGUN, 1984!!
NO MORE ORAL, ANAL-RETENTIVE FANTASIES FOR IMMATURE...
WHOP WHOP WHOP WHOP WHOP
NNNGGOO- BETTER HIDE MY VAMPIRELLA'S!
... PIMPLE-FACED WIMP-ASS, FAT BOY COMIC COLLECTORS!



ERIC VINCENT

©'90 D. WORDEN

MY MOTHER WAS A SLUT!

YES IT'S TRUE!

SO DON'T LET HER SEE THIS!

I WAS TOO YOUNG AT THE TIME TO UNDERSTAND WHAT EXACTLY WAS GOING ON, I JUST KNEW I DIDN'T LIKE THE STRANGE MEN MY MOTHER WOULD HAVE AT OUR HOUSE WHILE MY FATHER WAS AWAY (WHICH WAS OFTEN).

IT ALWAYS SEEMED LIKE HOURS ~~~ THEN SHE'D DRUNK-DRIVE US HOME...

ONE IN PARTICULAR I REMEMBER BECAUSE HE HAD A TATTOO OF A CLOWN ON HIS ARM AND COULD WALK ON HIS HANDS...

MOTHER WOULD SOMETIMES LEAVE MY SISTER AND ME (SHE WAS 8, I WAS 6) ALONE IN THE CAR WHILE SHE WENT INTO A BAR OR APARTMENT BUILDING...

USUALLY THERE WOULD BE A GIFT OF A CHEAP LIQUOR STORE TOY TO KEEP US ENTERTAINED BUT WE'D GET BORED WITH THAT IN TWO MINUTES AND HAVE TO BEAR THE TEDIOUS DEPRIVATION IN EXCRUCIATING MONOTONY.

AFTER MY PARENTS DIVORCED, MOTHER GOT PREGNANT FROM SOME ASSHOLE SHE MET IN A BAR AND MARRIED HIM...

SHE SLUTTED NO MORE... END

THE DREAM OF S. FREUD

BY JOE LEE

A SMALL CAFÉ IN VIENNA SOMETIME BEFORE THE FIRST WORLD WAR

A ZITHER PLAYS A WALTZ

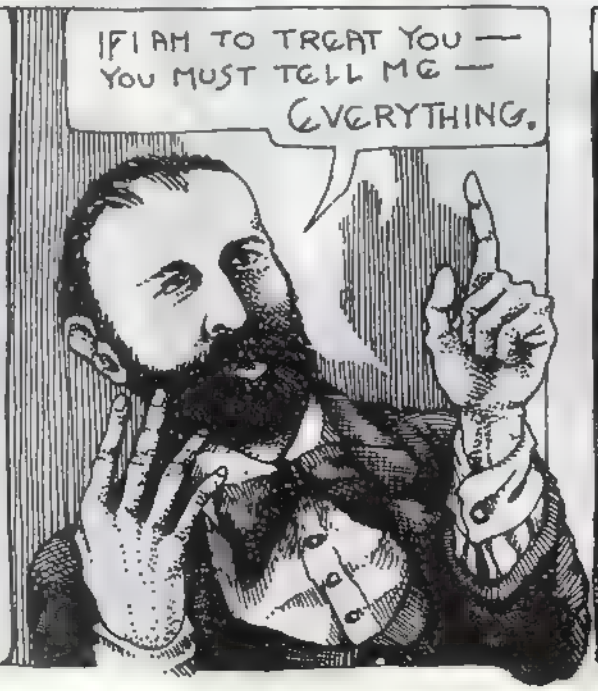
THE SMELL OF STRONG COFFEE, CHOCOLATE, AND AROMATIC TOBBACO.

TWO FRIENDS SIT HUDDLED IN CONCENTRATED CONVERSATION OVER THE REMAINS OF PASTRIES.

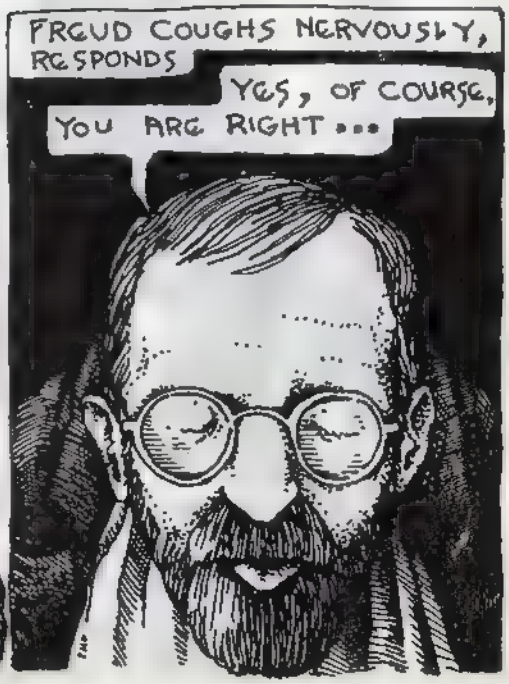
SIGMUND FREUD, BEACON OF THE NEW SCIENCE OF THE MIND, PAUSES IN SPEECH. WILHELM FLIESS, PROMINENT NASAL SURGEON FOR MENTAL DISORDERS (THE NOSE BEING THE GATEWAY TO THE SOUL), ...

PRESCRIBER OF COCAINE, AND INGENITOR OF BIORHYTHMS, EXTRACTS A FINGER FROM HIS LEFT NOSTRIL, LOOKS, AND FIXES FREUD WITH A CARING PROFESSIONAL GAZE.

HE BEGINS, "SIGGY, PLEASE ...

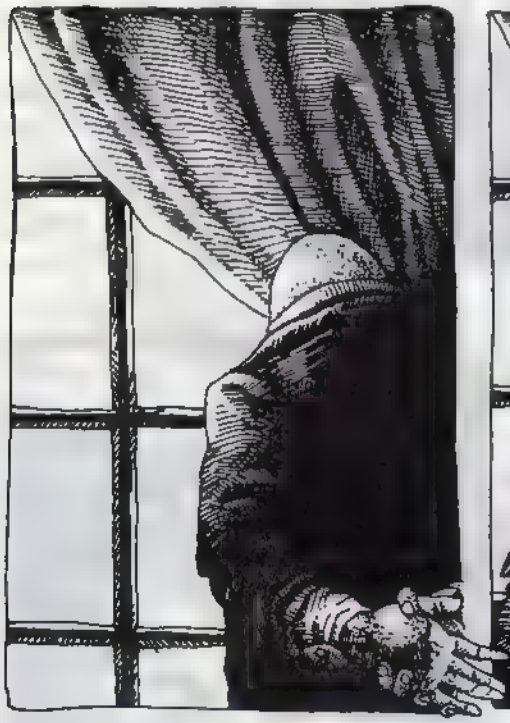


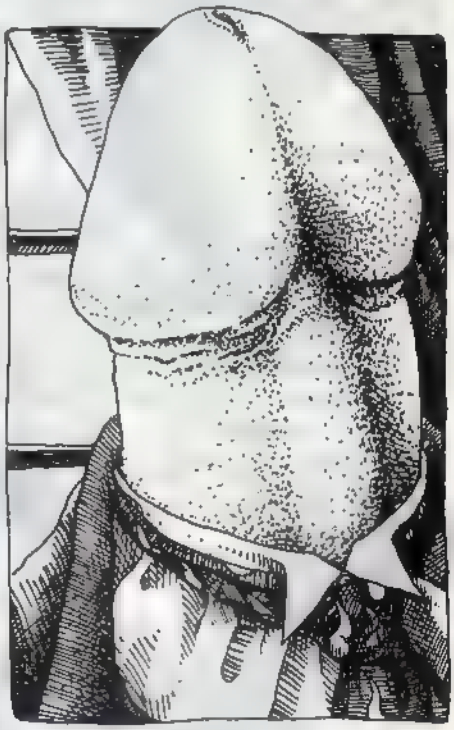
FREUD COUGHS NERVOUSLY, RESPONDS



"I BELIEVE I HAD BEEN ASLEEP FOR A SHORT TIME WHEN THE DREAM CAME TO ME...

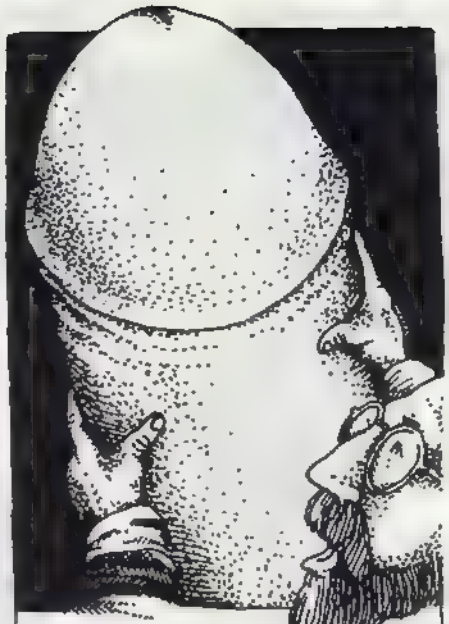
I WAS AS YOU SEE ME, A GROWN MAN, I EVEN HAD THE GRAY HAIRS IN MY BEARD, NOT A CHILD, A BABY AT ALL, BUT SO I SAT IN MY MOTHERS LAP, MY HANDS CARESSEING HER BARED BREASTS, MY LIPS PULLING, AH, SWEET NOURISHMENT FROM HER BROWN NIPPLES.
AN ERECTION STIRRED THE SNAKE IN MY GOOD WOOL KNICKERS ~~
I REACHED DOWN TO RELEASE THIS SERPENT, BUT NO, I COULD NOT...





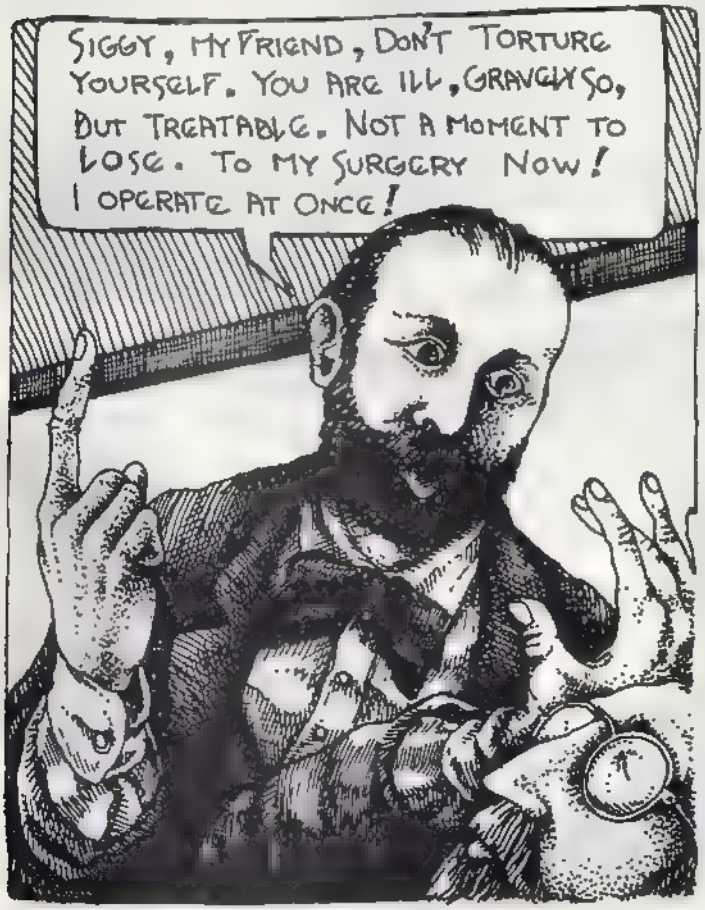
THERE AT THE WINDOW, MY FATHER, HIS BALD HEAD SUNK IN HIS WING COLLAR TURNING AWAY FROM THE LIGHT, TURNING TO MY DEAR MOTHER AND ME ~~
NO! HIS EYELESS FACE PUSHED CLOSER. HIS FACE NAKED OF FEATURE, SMOOTH AND UNDISTURBED BUT FOR THE OPENING, THE MOUTH AT IT'S CROWN ~
NO! HIS NECK GREW, NOT THE SLENDER SWAY OF THE GIRAFFES, BUT THICK, MUSCULAR, THE THROAT OF A HERACLES, THE MAGNIFICENT APPENDAGE OF A GOD...

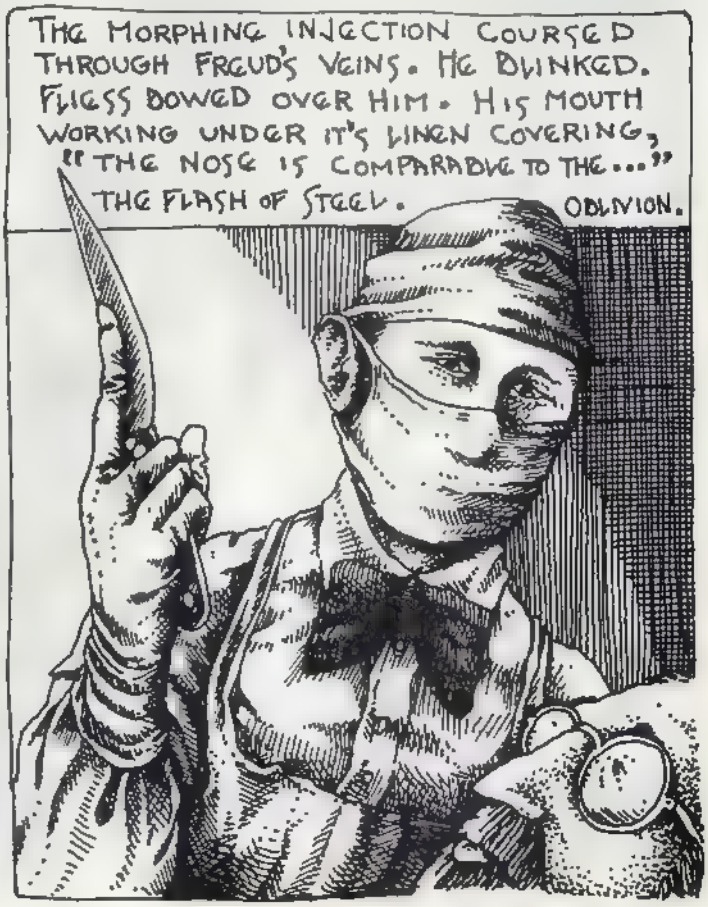
No! I was a worm compared to him, a small, white, insignificance— How could my mother want me, how could I replace my father?

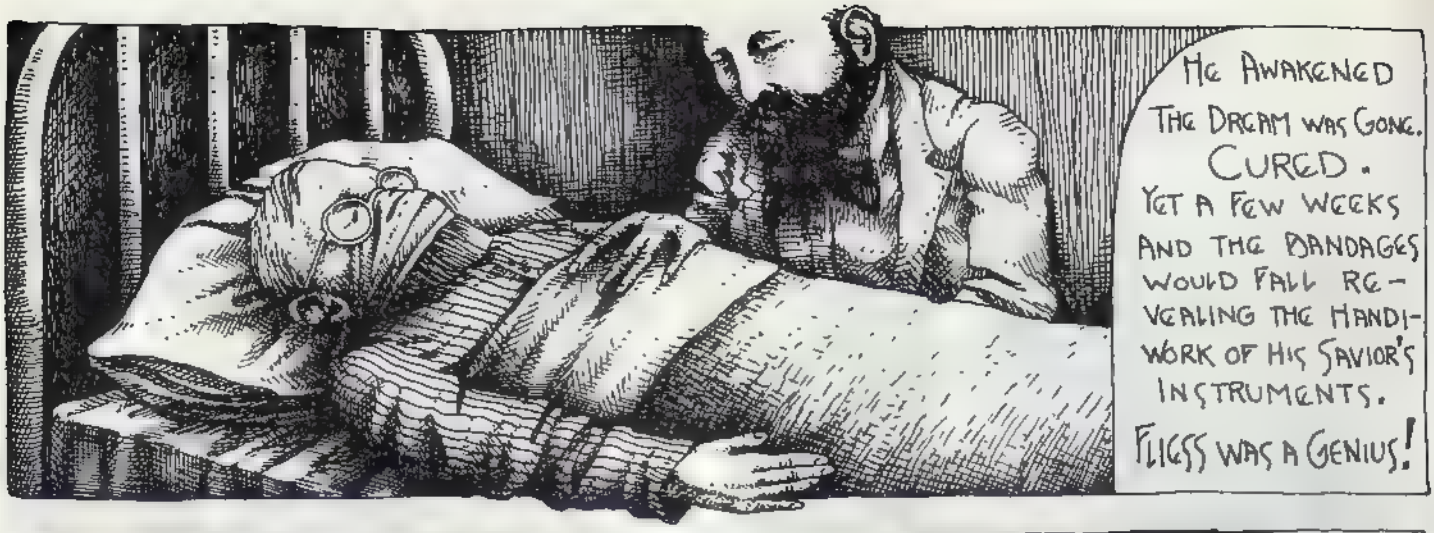


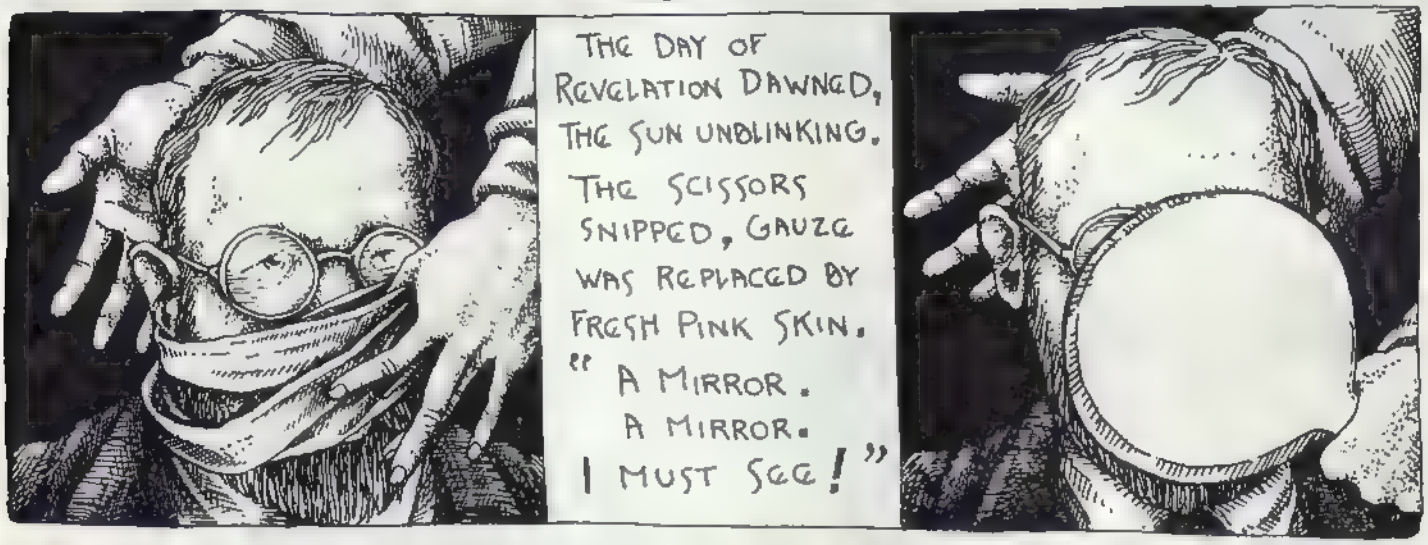
No! I must kill him. I must ... my hands thrust out, found his throat, with all my might squeezed ...

I awakened to find myself, the bed clothes awry, my night shirt twisted about my chest, my penis clutched firmly in my hands..."

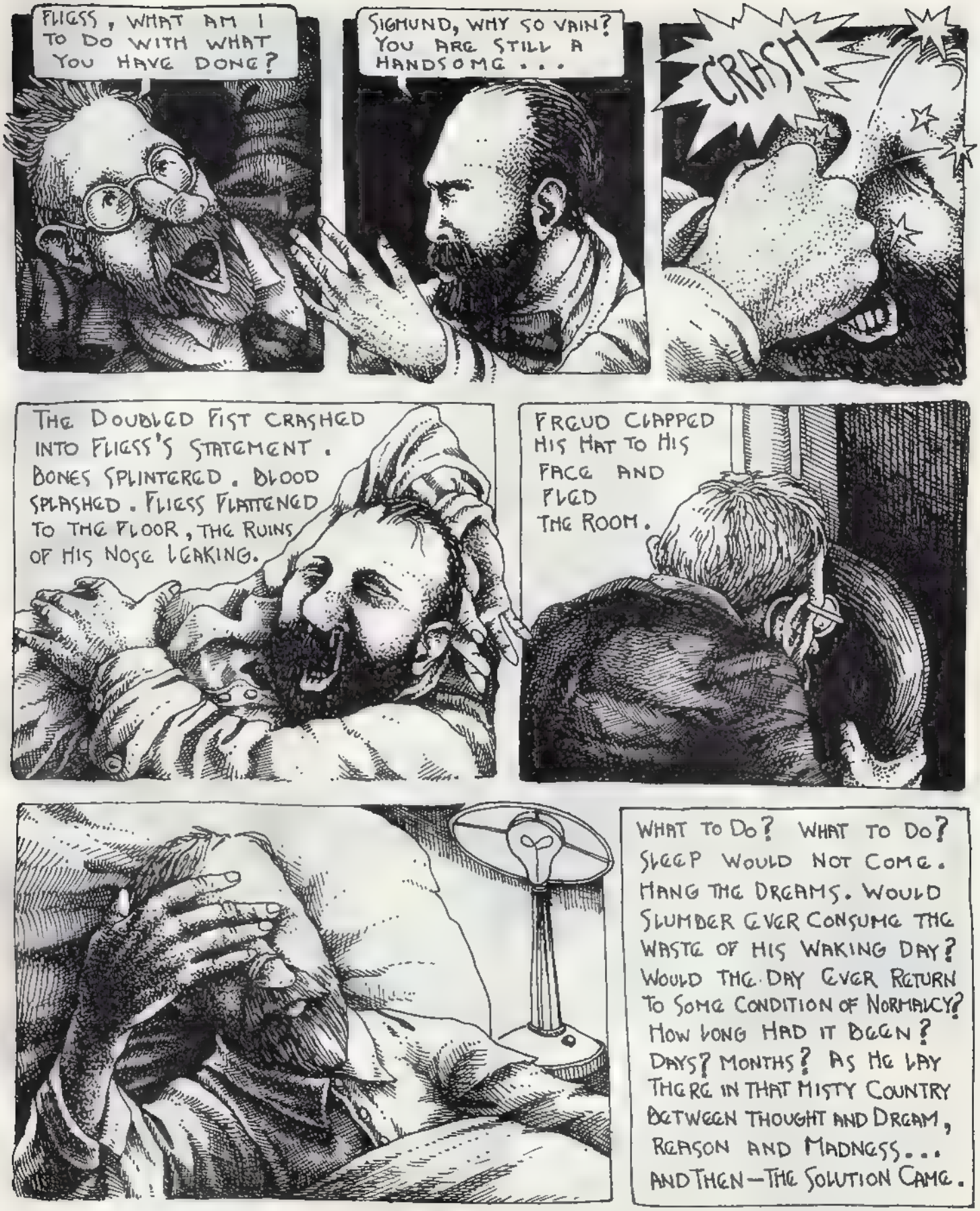


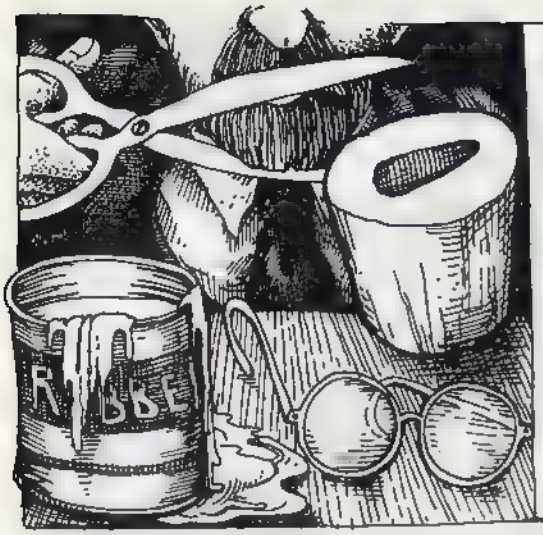



He Awakened
The Dream was Gone.
Cured.
Yet a few weeks and the bandages would fall revealing the handiwork of his savior's instruments.
Fligss was a Genius!


The day of revelation dawned, the sun unblinking.
The scissors snipped, gauze was replaced by fresh pink skin.
" A mirror. A mirror. I must see! "

AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!
Fligss, you monster!
Where once a prominent nose had arched like Everest in the center of Freud's handsome features, now lumbered Fligss's carved pastiche of the male virile member!


FLIESS, WHAT AM I TO DO WITH WHAT YOU HAVE DONE?
SIGMUND, WHY SO VAIN? YOU ARE STILL A HANDSOME . . .
CRASH
THE DOUBLED FIST CRASHED INTO FLIESS'S STATEMENT. BONES SPLINTERED. BLOOD SPLASHED. FLIESS FLATTENED TO THE FLOOR, THE RUINS OF HIS NOSE LEAKING.
FREUD CLAPPED HIS HAT TO HIS FACE AND FLED THE ROOM.
WHAT TO DO? WHAT TO DO? SLEEP WOULD NOT COME. HANG THE DREAMS. WOULD SLUMBER EVER CONSUME THE WASTE OF HIS WAKING DAY? WOULD THE DAY EVER RETURN TO SOME CONDITION OF NORMALCY? HOW LONG HAD IT BEEN? DAYS? MONTHS? AS HE LAY THERE IN THAT MISTY COUNTRY BETWEEN THOUGHT AND DREAM, REASON AND MADNESS... AND THEN—THE SOLUTION CAME.



YES!
A CAREFULLY FASHIONED MOLD... LIQUID LATEX RUBBER... A PAIR OF SPECTACLES... A BRUSH OF WHISKERS...
YES! YES!
GLUE STUDIOUSLY APPLIED...
A THREADED NEEDLE DIPPED, PULLED...

EUREKA!

THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE CENTURY —
THE GLASSES WITH ATTACHED RUBBER NOSE AND MOUSTACHE!

FLIESS COULD HEAL AND FREUD WOULD CREATE A DEVICE FOR EACH CURED BUT DISFIGURED PATIENT. MAN AND WOMAN WOULD MARCH INTO THE NEW CENTURY —

WITHOUT ANXIETY, FREE OF NEUROSIS, PROSTHETIC NOSES SNORTING THE WINDS OF CHANGE, MOUSTACHES ATWITCH, ATUNE TO THE FUTURE...
AND THUS OUR NEW, ADJUSTED WORLD WAS BORN.

MOTHER'S DAY

YOU!

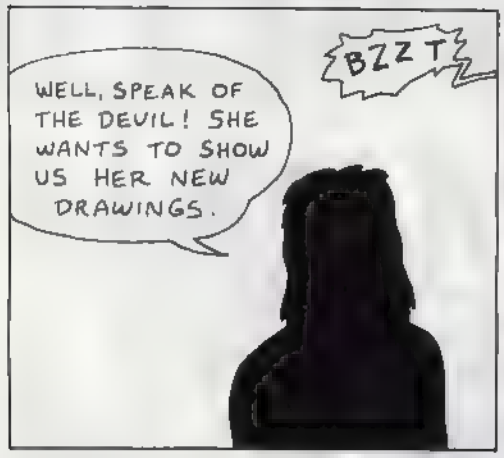
YOUR CATS WERE YOWLING AND FIGHTING ALL NIGHT LONG! I COULDN'T EVEN SLEEP, FOR GOD'S SAKE!!

WELL! HELLO TO YOU, TOO!

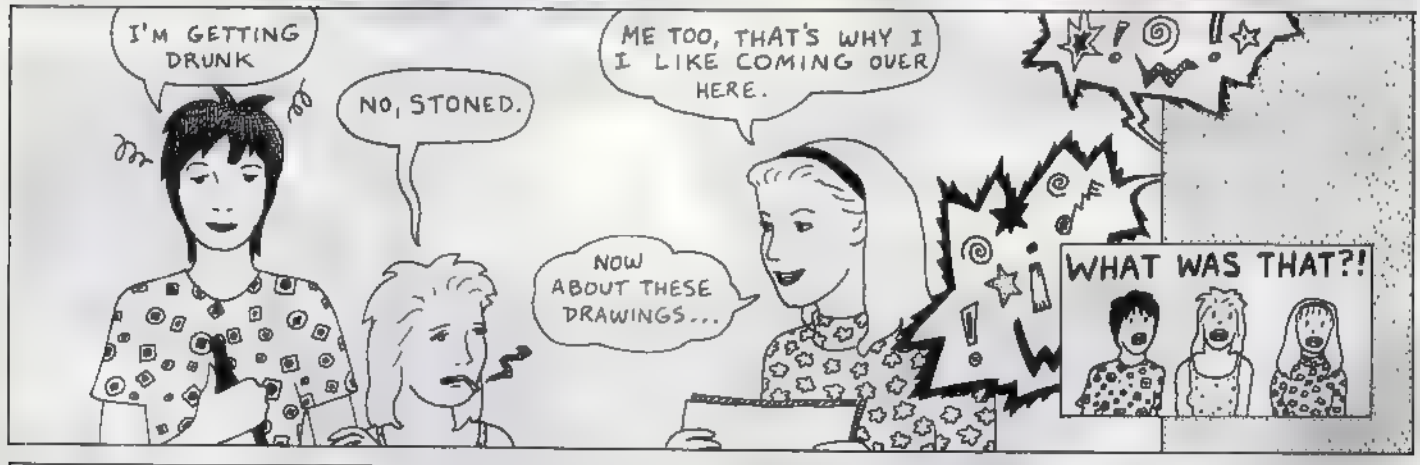
LIVING IN THIS DUMPY LITTLE BALTIMORE APARTMENT HAS SOME DISTINCT DISADVANTAGES...

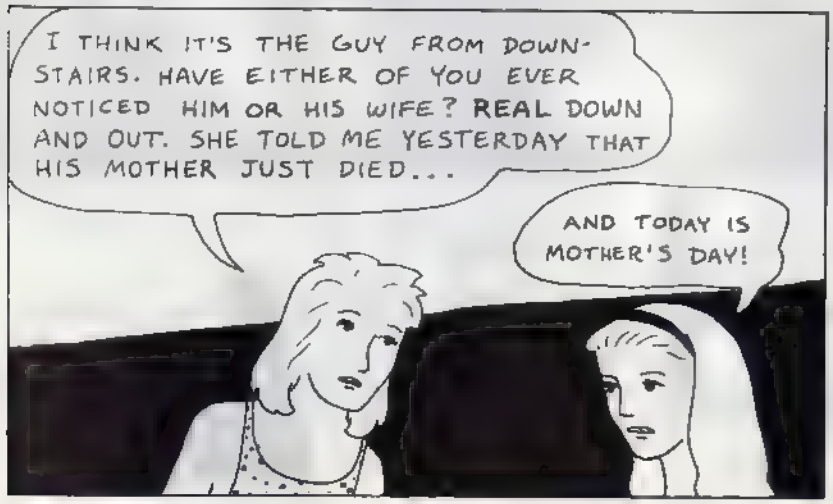
©1990 Lee Binswanger

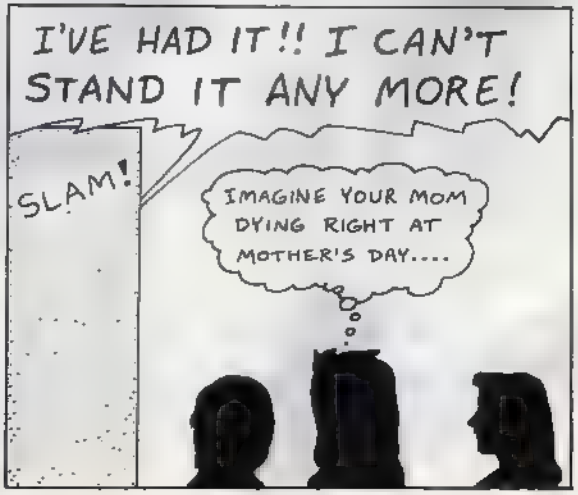
LATER.
I STILL THINK YOU SHOULD MOVE OUTTA THIS DUMP, LESLIE, IF ONLY TO GET AWAY FROM YOUR AWFUL NEIGHBORS.
YOU COULD DO BETTER, DON'T YOU THINK?
HERE.
CATHY, DON'T GET ME STARTED ON WHY MOVING TO BALTIMORE WAS A BIG MISTAKE. ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL BE ABLE TO MOVE TO A NICE PLACE.
ANYWAY, ELLEN'S ON HER WAY OVER HERE, TOO.


WELL, SPEAK OF THE DEVIL! SHE WANTS TO SHOW US HER NEW DRAWINGS.
BZZT

HEY.
HEY.
HEY.
HERE


I'M GETTING DRUNK
NO, STONED.
ME TOO, THAT'S WHY I I LIKE COMING OVER HERE.
NOW ABOUT THESE DRAWINGS...
WHAT WAS THAT?!


I THINK IT'S THE GUY FROM DOWNSTAIRS. HAVE EITHER OF YOU EVER NOTICED HIM OR HIS WIFE? REAL DOWN AND OUT. SHE TOLD ME YESTERDAY THAT HIS MOTHER JUST DIED...
AND TODAY IS MOTHER'S DAY!


I'VE HAD IT!! I CAN'T STAND IT ANY MORE!
SLAM!
IMAGINE YOUR MOM DYING RIGHT AT MOTHER'S DAY....

YOU BITCH!

YOU'RE NOT SORRY! I KNOW YOU'RE NOT! DON'T YOU **DARE** SAY ANYTHING BAD ABOUT MY MOTHER AGAIN, YOU FUCKING BITCH!

YOU'RE **SCUM**! YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU OPENED YOUR MOUTH!

I GUESS I SHOULD CALL THE POLICE. IT SOUNDS LIKE HE'S EXTREMELY DRUNK.

AND HE MAY HURT SANDY.

MR. GRIMES YOU'RE A SON OF A BITCH – YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN ANYBODY ELSE, GODDAMN IT!

BAM!

NOW HE'S YELLING AT THE GRUMP NEXT DOOR TO ME.

OH DEAR – I HOPE HE STAYS ON THE LANDING!

HELLO, 911?

HE MUST BE KICKING THE DOOR.

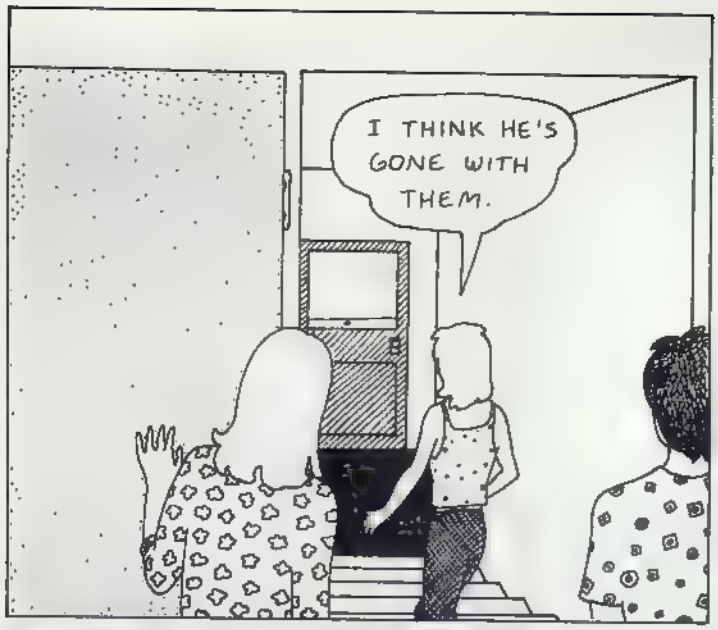
THEY'RE GOING TO SEND A CAR.

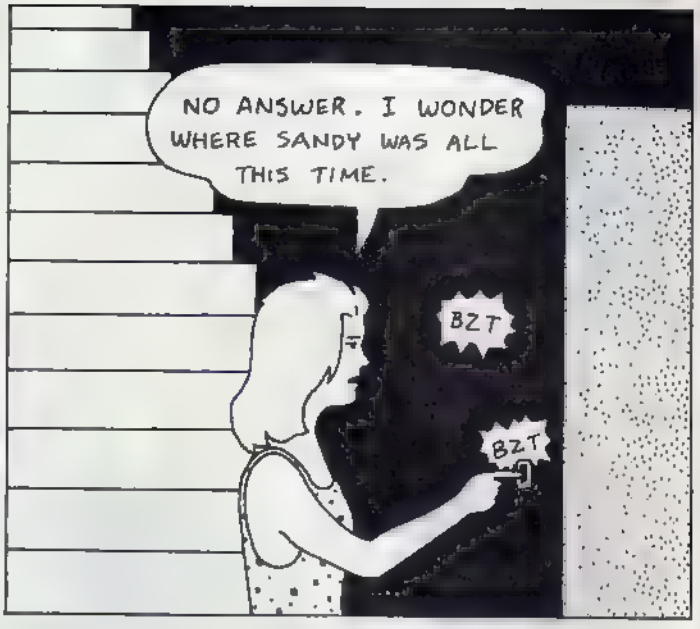
THIS GUY MUST HAVE BEEN DRINKING ALL DAY! WE SHOULD HIDE THE DOPE IN CASE THE COPS COME UP HERE.

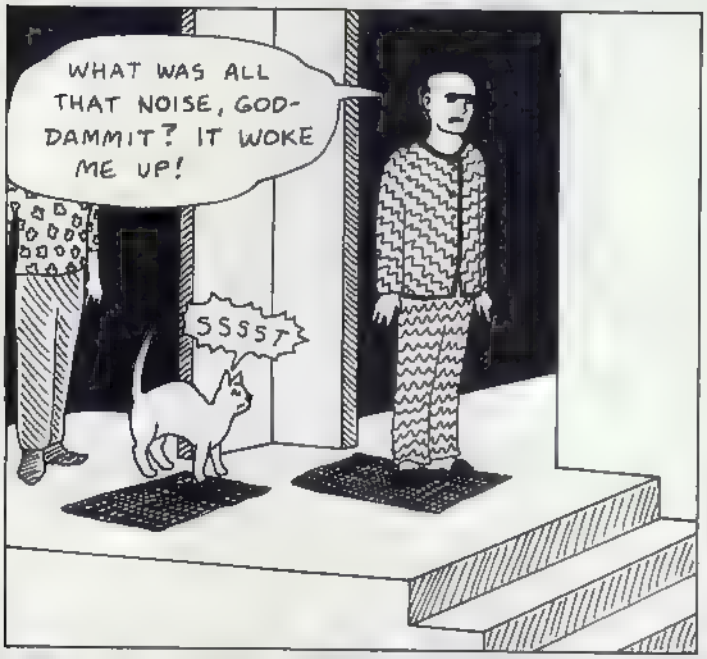
GOOD IDEA, AND FRESH AIR COULDN'T HURT EITHER. I THINK THE COP CAR IS ALREADY HEADING UP THE STREET! YOU MUST HAVE SOUNDED DESPERATE!

MUFFLED MUFFLED MUFFLED

SLAM!


I THINK HE'S GONE WITH THEM.


NO ANSWER. I WONDER WHERE SANDY WAS ALL THIS TIME.
BZT
BZT

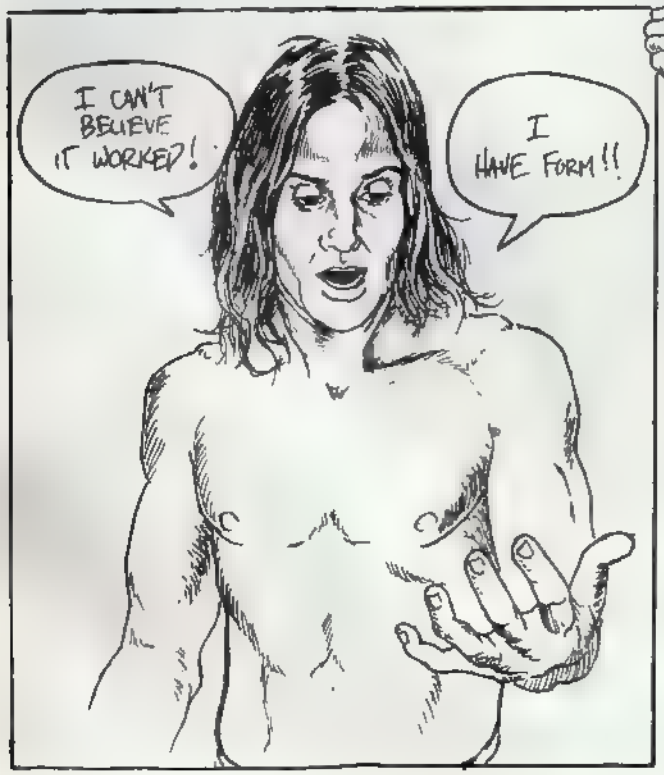

WHAT WAS ALL THAT NOISE, GOD-DAMMIT? IT WOKE ME UP!
SSSST

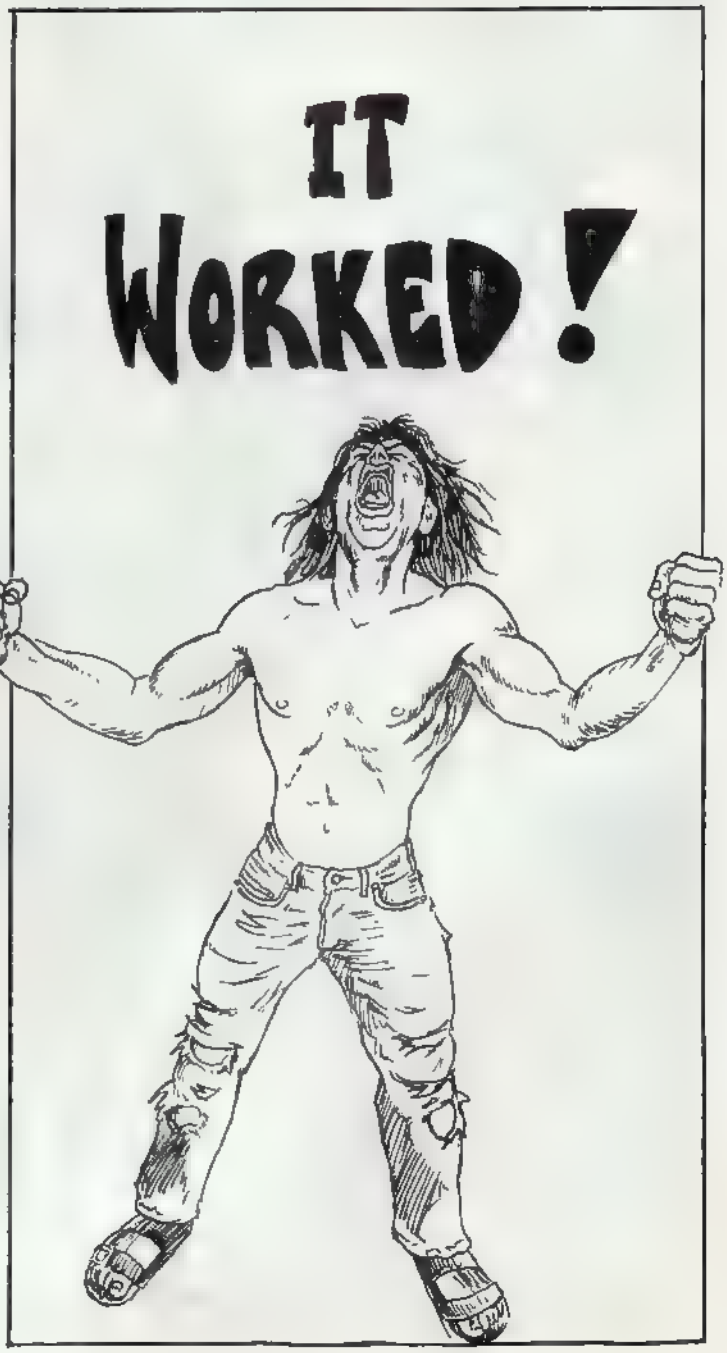
IT'S KINDA SAD- THE GUY DOWNSTAIRS WAS SO MESSED UP AND DRUNK... HIS MOTHER JUST DIED AND HE WAS SO CRAZY THE POLICE RAN HIM IN. I THINK.

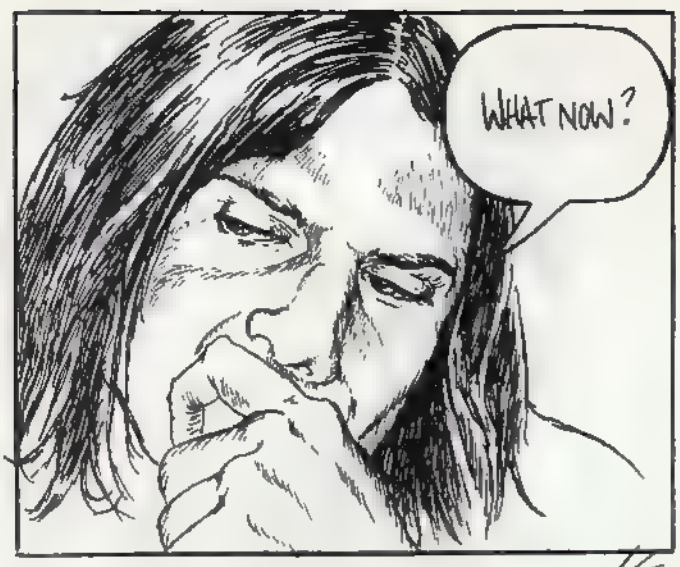
NO KIDDING
YEAH
WELL, I'LL BE A SON OF A BITCH.

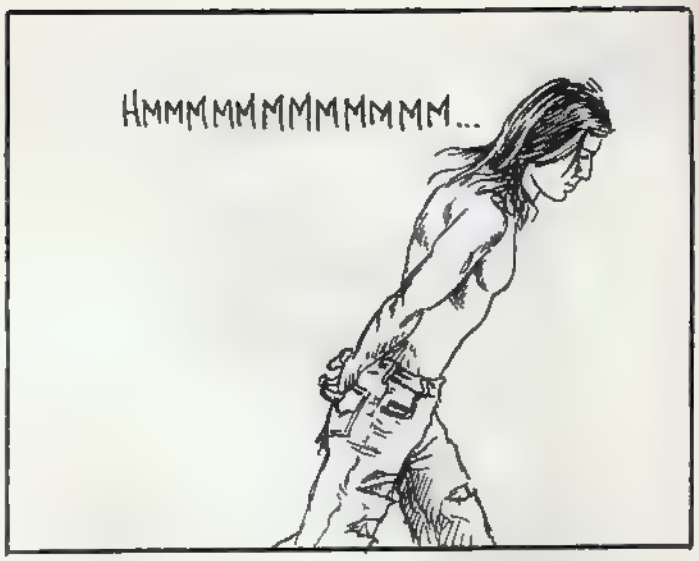
ACTUALLY, THAT VERY SUBJECT CAME UP EARLIER...
L.B.

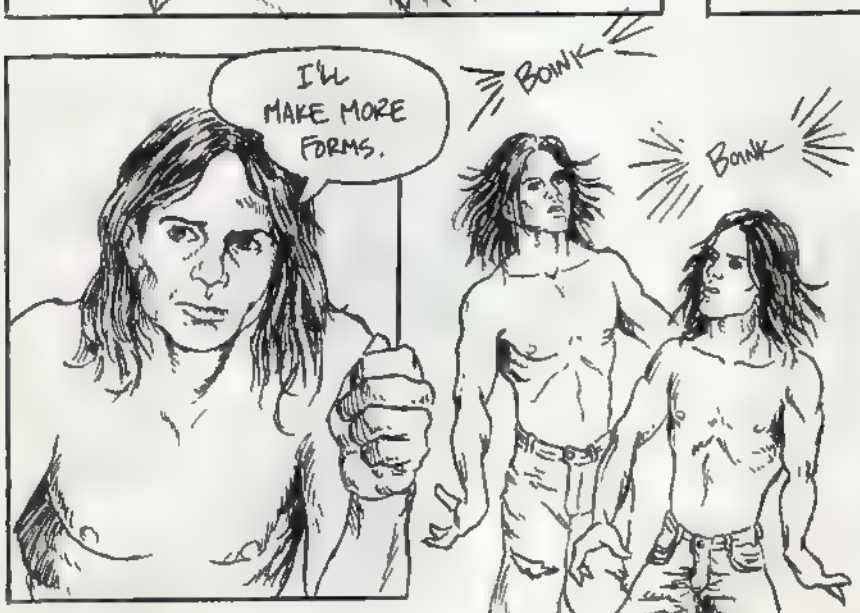
© 1990 L. BOYARSKY

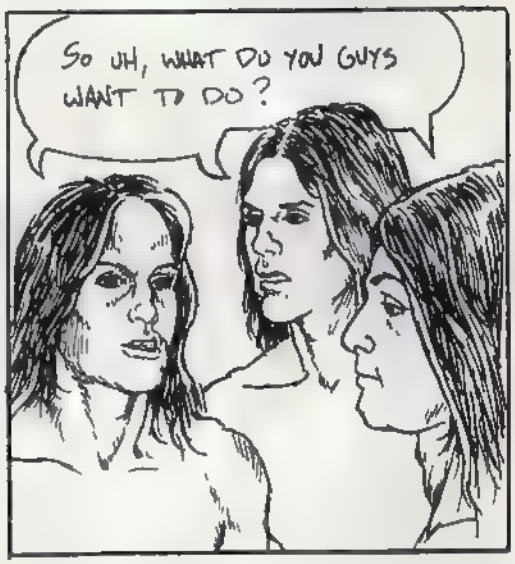


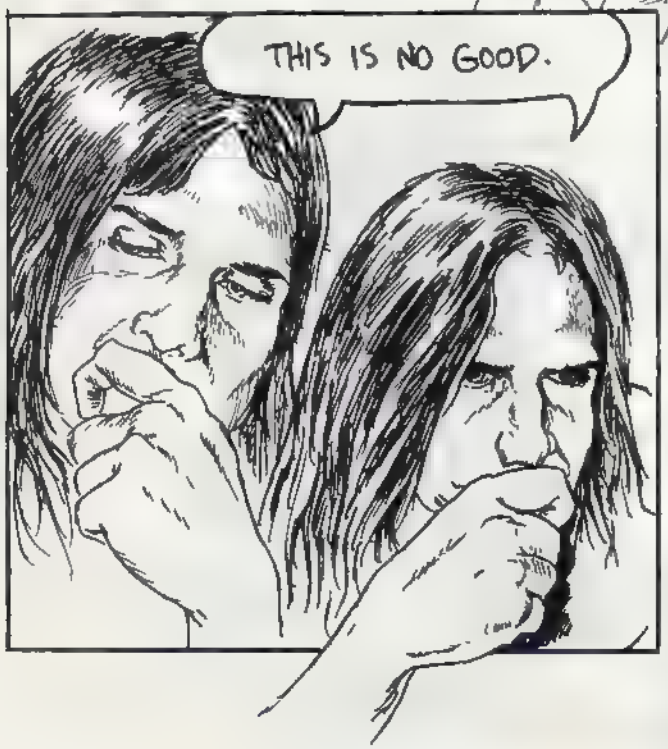



WHAT NOW?


HMMMMMMMMMMMM...


I'LL MAKE MORE FORMS.
BONK
BONK


SO UH, WHAT DO YOU GUYS WANT TO DO?


THIS IS NO GOOD.

CHICKS!

BOINK
BOINK
6 MONTHS LATER...
SO, WHAT ELSE DO YOU GIRLS WANT TO DO?
AAAAAAAAAAAH! EVERYTHING IS ME ME ME! ISN'T THERE ANYTHING ELSE?
SHIT.
I NEED CHANGE, DRAMA, EXCITEMENT...
BUT HOW? I KNOW EVERYTHING.

PERHAPS... DIVERSIFICATION!
BAM!
THAT'S WHAT'S FUN!!
EVENTUALLY CAUGHT UP IN THE GAME OF LIFE, IT FORGETS WHAT IT IS..
LATER...
WHY ME, LORD?

END.

NINA'S ADVENTURES IN

MENTAL HELL

©Nina Paley 3-90

OH GAWD... HELP... MY LIFE IS A MESS... I'M SO DEPRESSED.

YOU NEED A THERAPIST!

CRISIS HOTLINE

BOB'S BARGAIN PSYCHOTHERAPY BASEMENT

I'M MISERABLE

WHY DON'T YOU READ THIS BOOK? IT REALLY HELPED ME PUT MY LIFE TOGETHER!

SHUT UP AND SMILE

$18/HOUR

I CAN'T TAKE IT ANY MORE!

SOB SOB SOB

OH...UH.. CHEER UP!

GULP!

$40/HOUR

I FEEL LONELY

TRY DOING ACTIVITIES WHERE YOU'LL MEET PEOPLE WITH YOUR INTERESTS. WHY DON'T YOU JOIN CAMPUS REPUBLICANS?

$60/HOUR

BEFORE WE BEGIN, WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE A VIDEOTAPE OF MY DOGS? ALSO, I'M WAITING FOR AN IMPORTANT PHONE CALL— ONE OF MY BITCHES IS ABOUT TO HAVE PUPPIES AND I HAVE TO BE THERE...

WOOF!

$80/HOUR

LATER..

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS THERAPY STUFF.

YOU KNOW A THERAPIST CAN'T SOLVE YOUR PROBLEMS! THEY'RE A TOOL! THEY CAN ONLY HELP YOU!

WHY DON'T YOU TRY A SUPPORT GROUP?

SO HE SAID, "WHY NOT?" SO I SAID, "O.K."

OH. I SUPPORT YOU IN THAT.

YES I SUPPORT YOU.

WE ALL SUPPORT YOU. WE MAY NOT AGREE WITH YOU, BUT WE SUPPORT YOU.

THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE— WOMEN SUPPORTING WOMEN.

WOMAN POWER!

GOD LOVES YOU!

WE LOVE YOU!

FOLLOW THE STEPS!

OR YOU'LL HAVE A RELAPSE!

LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL IN THIS PROGRAM!

HIGHER POWER!

PRAY!

MEDITATE!

I'VE SPENT MY WHOLE LIFE TAKING CARE OF OTHER PEOPLE! WHAT ABOUT ME? SO THIS WEEKEND I KICKED MY MOTHER OUT OF THE HOUSE, SPENT THE KIDS' COLLEGE FUNDS, AND TOLD MY PATIENTS TO FIX THEIR OWN DAMN PACEMAKERS! I HAVE MY OWN LIFE TO LIVE! IT'S NOT MY FAULT I HAD AN UNHAPPY CHILDHOOD!

YEAH!

RIGHT ON!!

FINALLY...

HI DOC... CAN I HAVE SOME DRUGS?

NINA'S M.D.

THE END?

WHAT·U·C IS WHAT U·GET!
ABSOLUTELY NO FUCKIN CREDIT!!!
TIT FOR TAT
O·M·O·U·T·Z
THE PIZZ
USMC
SATANS
ABOR RATE
$20 HR
NO JOB TOO BIG OR TOO SMALL
FOR SALE CHEAP TRADE FOR MACLEHAN
CHEWY
1990

"TIT FOR TAT"

AIDS FUCKS WITH YOUR MIND

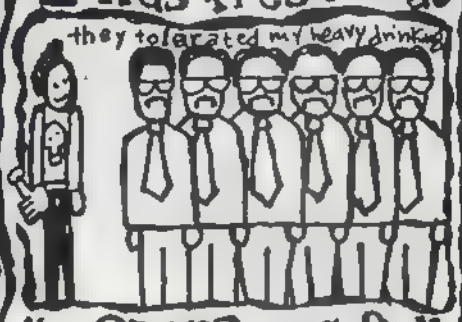
When I was 21

I moved to N.Y.C.

One of my 1st Jobs was as a spearcarrier

(extra) for the metropolitan Opera

I Got the Job 'cause I was fresh meat

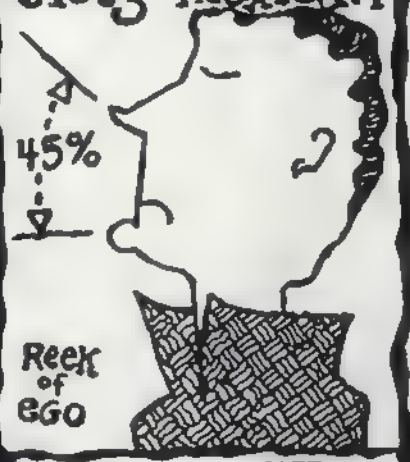


the Opera was full of HUNGRY GAY men

It's also the 1st place I saw someone die

SLOWLY of AIDS.

Edwardo was a suave + Pretentious mexican



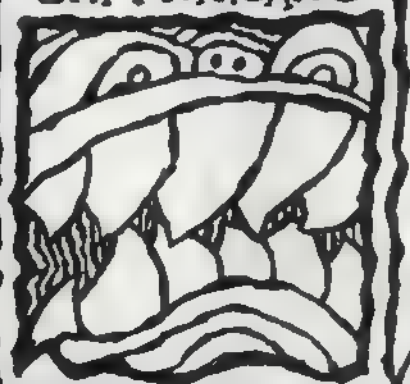
as his cheeks grew thin Life ebbed from him

He BEGAN to HATE

He Became

CONSUMED w/hate

MOSTLY HE HATED GAY MEXICANS

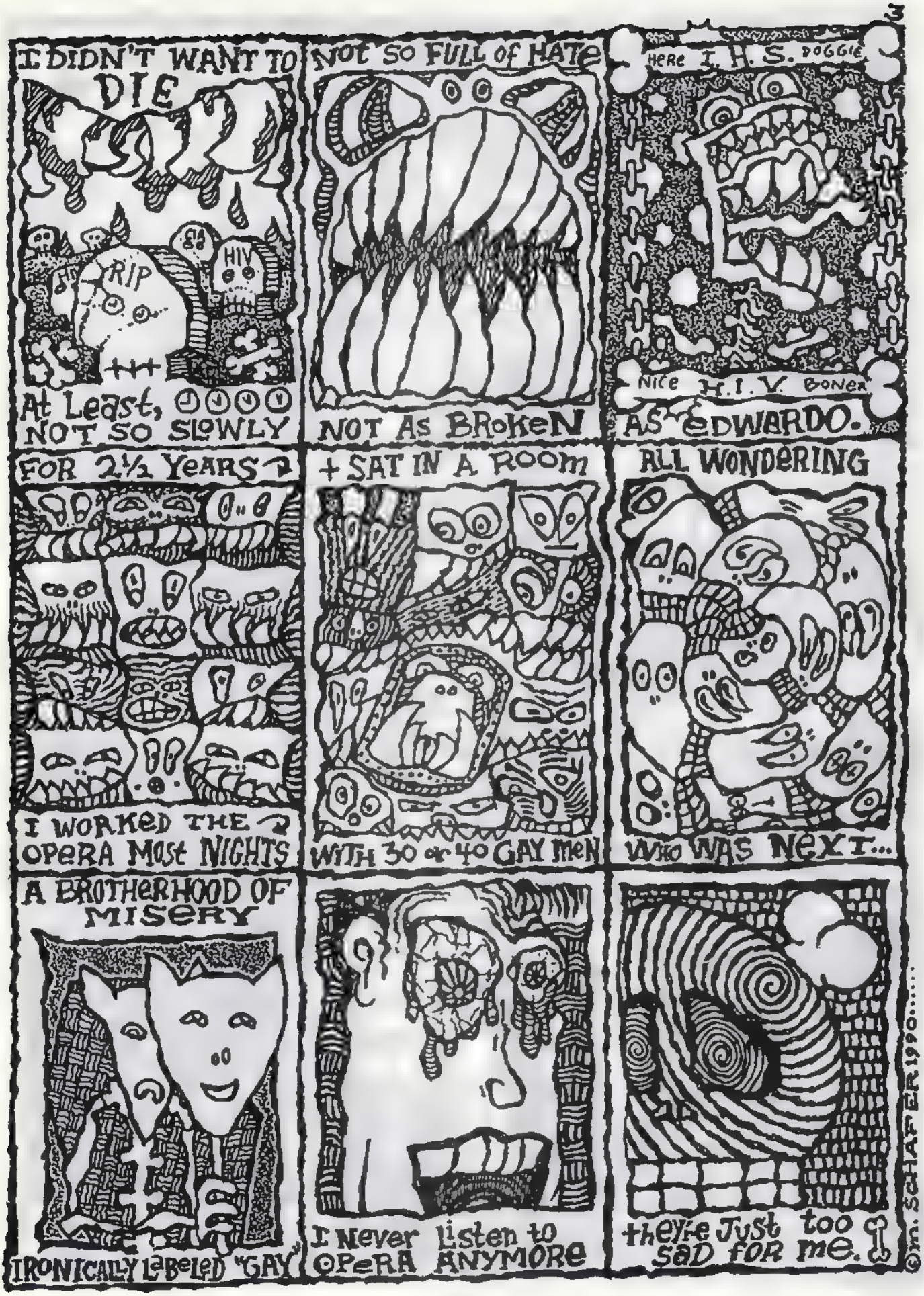


He was, of course, A GAY MEXICAN

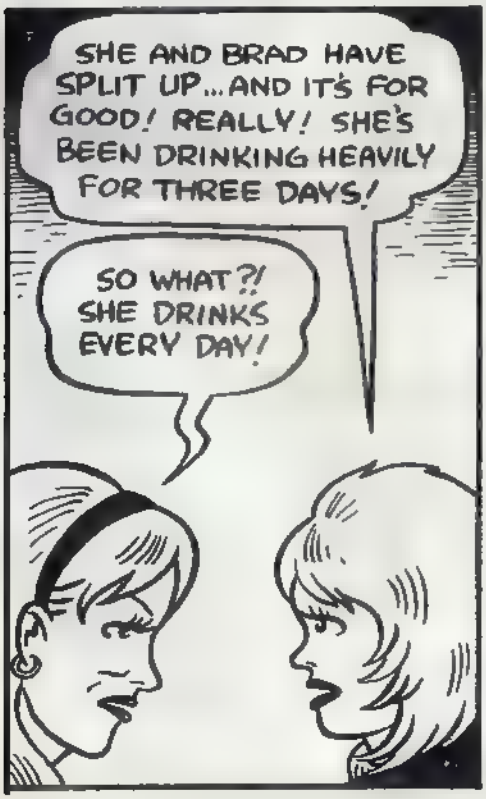
He PROBABLY GOT IT

FROM another GAY MEXICAN

BUT I COULD NEVER FIGURE OUT
WHO HE HATED MORE
OTHER GAY MEXICANS
OR HIMSELF.
IT WAS HIS NIGHTMARE
AND HE NEVER WOKE FROM IT
IT WAS SPRING OF '83
HIV
THE YEAR MY FRIENDS DUBBED THE VILLAGE VOICE "THE AIDS PAPER"
I ILLUSTRATED A LOT OF STUFF ON AIDS FOR THE NEW YORK NATIVE
TILL THE ART DIRECTOR LEARNED I LIVED WA GAL
I GUESS THEY WANTED TO SUFFER TOGETHER
I WAS AN OUTSIDER.
I STARTED TO REALIZE ALL MY NEW FRIENDS WERE PRIME CANDIDATES
GAYS, JUNKIES, WILD PEOPLE, FUN PEOPLE.
IT MADE ME SHUN PEOPLE OF BOTH SEXES.

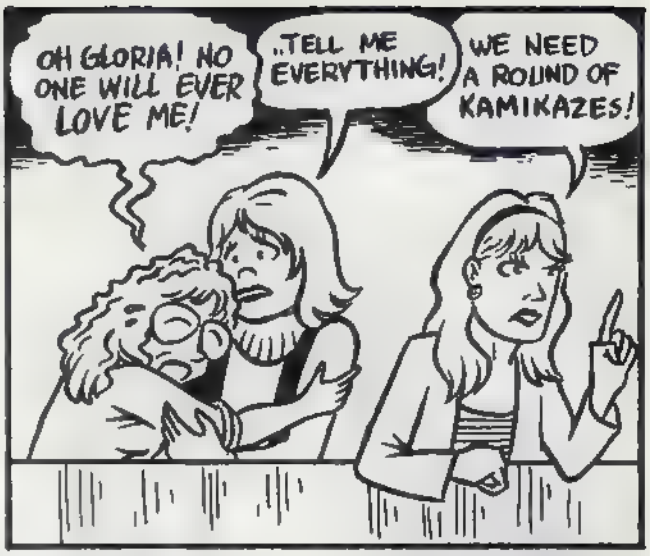

I DIDN'T WANT TO DIE
RIP
HIV
At Least, NOT SO SLOWLY
NOT SO FULL OF HATE
NOT AS BROKEN
HERE I. H. S. DOGGIE
NICE H.I.V. BONER
AS EDWARDO.
FOR 2½ YEARS
I WORKED THE OPERA MOST NIGHTS
+ SAT IN A ROOM
WITH 30 or 40 GAY MEN
ALL WONDERING
WHO WAS NEXT...
A BROTHERHOOD OF MISERY
IRONICALLY LABELED "GAY"
I Never listen to OPERA ANYMORE
they're Just too SAD FOR me.
©M. SCHAFER 1990.....

THE TRAMP SISTERS
MONA
DINAH
GLORIA
SO WHAT'S THE BIG EMERGENCY TODAY, GLO?
IT'S DINAH! SHE'S GONE OFF THE DEEP END! IT'S SERIOUS!
in
"THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE HARDER THEY FALL!"


SHE AND BRAD HAVE SPLIT UP...AND IT'S FOR GOOD! REALLY! SHE'S BEEN DRINKING HEAVILY FOR THREE DAYS!
SO WHAT?! SHE DRINKS EVERY DAY!

BUT THIS TIME, SHE VOWED TO KEEP HER LEGS CROSSED FOR THE REST OF HER LIFE!!
OW! HER BLADDER MUST BE KILLING HER!
SAY! CAN I BUY YOU A DRINK?
FUCK OFF AND DIE, ASSHOLE!

I'LL NEVER LOVE ANOTHER MAN!! ...NOT UNLESS IT'S NICK NOLTE!!
CALM DOWN, DINAH! WE'RE HERE FOR YOU!

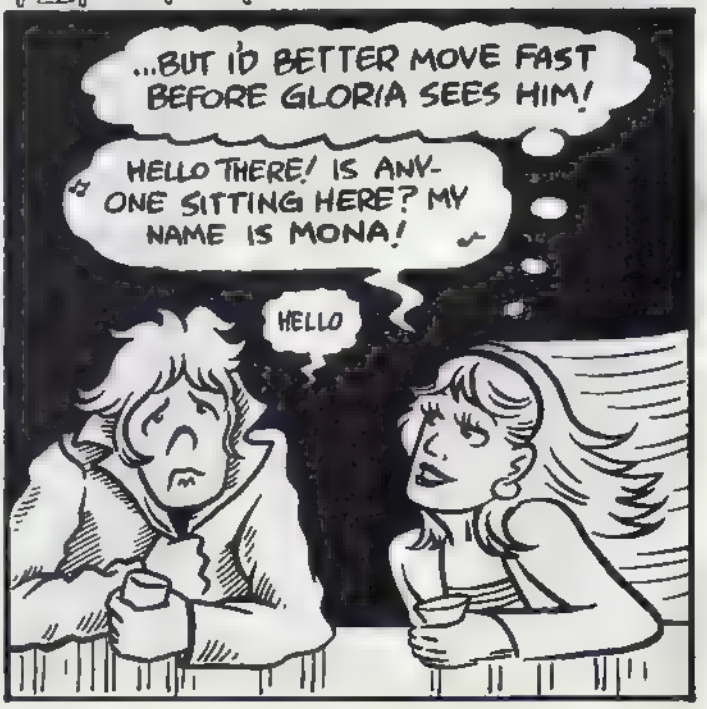

OH GLORIA! NO ONE WILL EVER LOVE ME!
..TELL ME EVERYTHING!
WE NEED A ROUND OF KAMIKAZES!

THE FUCKHEAD NEVER GIVES ME ANY ATTENTION! ALL I GOT FROM HIM ON MY BIRTHDAY WAS AN 8" BY 10" GLOSSY OF HIMSELF!
TRUE...BUT HE DID HAVE IT FRAMED!

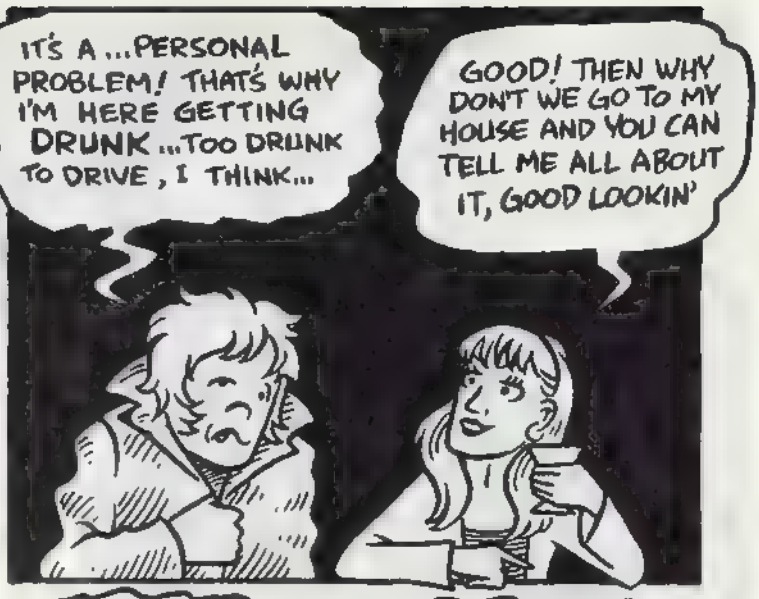
I JUST WANT SOMEBODY TO LOVE ME AND TAKE CARE OF ME AND BE PERFECT AND PUT UP WITH ALL MY BULLSHIT! ...IS THAT TOO MUCH TO ASK?!
OF COURSE NOT, BUT YOU SHOULD HEAR MY PROBLEMS!

COME WITH ME TO THE LADIES ROOM AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT THE HORRIBLE DAY I'VE HAD!
HO HUM!..LOOKS LIKE THE USUAL CROWD OF LOSERS IN HERE TONIGHT!
I HATE MY LIFE! SNIF

NOW THAT LOOKS INTERESTING! CUTE!...SURE WISH I COULD SEE THROUGH THE TRENCHCOAT! ...NOT THAT I'M PICKY...


...BUT I'D BETTER MOVE FAST BEFORE GLORIA SEES HIM!
HELLO THERE! IS ANYONE SITTING HERE? MY NAME IS MONA!
HELLO

I'M RANDY... ...PLEASED TO MEET YOU..
SO WHY ARE YOU CLUTCHING THAT OVERCOAT SO TIGHT?...YOU COLD OR SOMETHING?

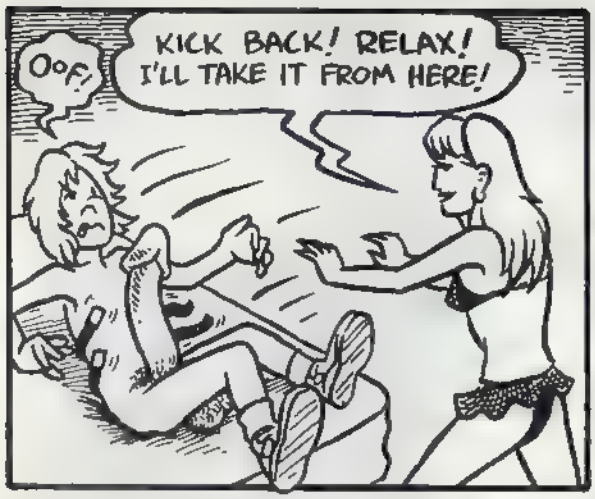

IT'S A ...PERSONAL PROBLEM! THAT'S WHY I'M HERE GETTING DRUNK ...TOO DRUNK TO DRIVE, I THINK...
GOOD! THEN WHY DON'T WE GO TO MY HOUSE AND YOU CAN TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT, GOOD LOOKIN'

...SO WHAT IS IT ?// DID YOUR GIRLFRIEND LEAVE YOU...?
GIRLFREN?.. HELL NO! I AIN'T GOT NO LOVE LIFE
DON'T WORRY, HANDSOME! WE'LL REMEDY THAT PROBLEM SOON ENOUGH!

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME, HON! I'M GONNA SLIP INTO SOMETHING MORE COMFORTABLE!
THANKS, MONA..

THERE! NOW WHY DON'T YOU GET OUT OF THOSE HOT CLOTHES AND WE'LL FUCK LIKE RABBITS!
GULP... THA'S NIZE, MONA, BUT I CAN'T HAVE SEX WITH YOU...

SEE... IT JUST WOULD'N WORK! THE PRO'LEM'S BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US!
WOW! THAT MUST BE SOME KIND OF WORLD RECORD! DON'T WORRY THOUGH, I LOVE A CHALLENGE!


OOF!
KICK BACK! RELAX! I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE!

HOLD ON...WAIT!! LEMME EXPLAIN! NOOo..IT'S STARTING TO HAPPEN!
I'VE NEVER MET THE PECKER YET I COULDN'T GET A RISE OUT OF!

ALL IT TAKES IS THE PROPER STIMULATION!
OOOH!! DON'T DO THIS TO ME!!

IT'S TOO PAINFUL! IT TAKES EVERYTHING I'VE GOT TO GET IT UP! OOOH... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? OOOH...OH...
COWABUNGA!! ..TALK ABOUT YOUR MOBY DICK!

RADICAL!! IT TOOK EVERY OUNCE OF BLOOD IN HIS BODY TO PUMP THIS PUPPY UP!..HE'S GONE BRAINDEAD!
HELP MEEE..
...TYPICAL OF A MAN ANYWAY!
DOINK

SO NOW WHAT DO I DO WITH THIS MONSTER? I GUESS I'LL JUST STICK IT IN THE SPARE BEDROOM AND DEAL WITH IT IN THE MORNING!

SWEET DREAMS, BIG BOY!.. HOPE THE SWELLING GOES DOWN!

YAWN
I'M BUSHED...DON'T THINK I'LL WAIT UP FOR GLORIA...I'LL TELL HER ABOUT WHATS-HIS-NAME TOMORROW!
ZZZ

2 A.M.
WHEW! HOME AT LAST!
THANX FOR LETTIN' ME SPEND THE NIGHT SIS, I'M WASTED!!

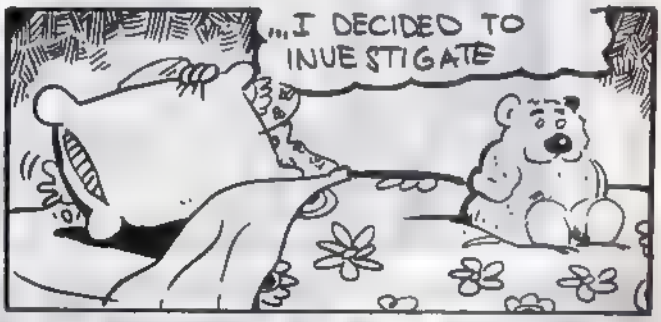
YES...OF COURSE I'LL HAVE TO SLEEP ALONE! I ALMOST HAD DAVE TALKED INTO COMING OVER BEFORE YOU KICKED HIM IN THE NUTS!
IT WAS MY BEST ONE-LEGGED KICK! ...BUT THAT WAS NOTHING!!

...I'M GONNA BLOW THE HEAD OFF THE NEXT DICK I SEE!!
JUST DON'T LET THAT THING GO OFF! THE LANDLORD WILL EVICT US IF THE COPS COME AGAIN!

LOOK...I'M GOING TO BED...YOU CAN USE THE SPARE BEDROOM!!
"REMEMBER, KIDS - GUNS DON'T KILL PEOPLE, LACK OF SEX KILLS PEOPLE!"
R.L. CRABB 1990
YAKIMA, WASH.

Comparable Worth and the Tooth Fairy

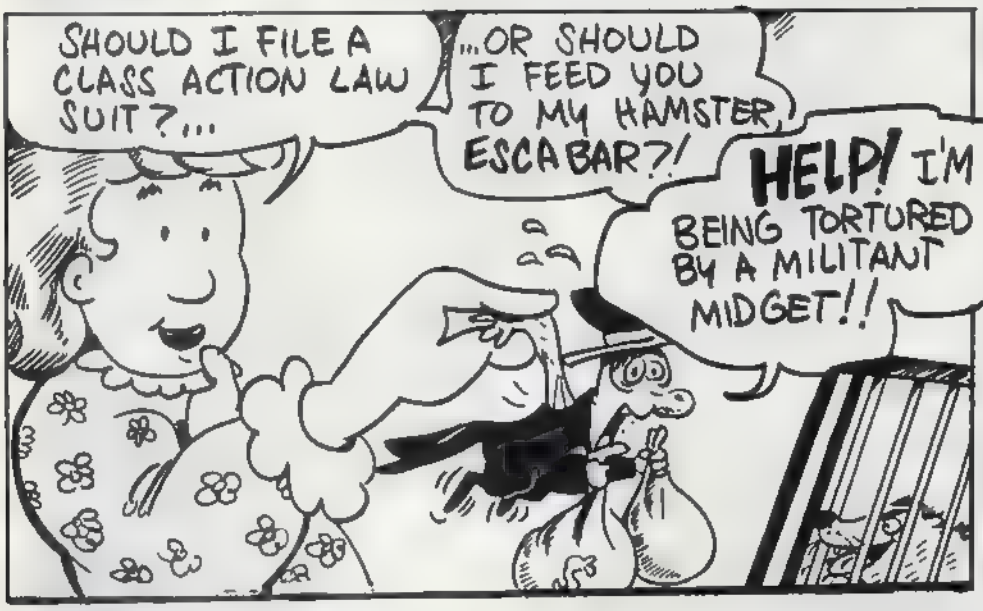
By K. LeMieux ©1991



HOW COME YOU LEAVE MORE MONEY FOR BOYS TEETH THAN YOU DO FOR GIRLS TEETH?
HUH?
AAACK!

GIRLS TEETH DO THE SAME THING AS BOYS TEETH, RIGHT?
WELL, AH...

SEEMS LIKE DISCRIMINATION TO ME, BUB!


SHOULD I FILE A CLASS ACTION LAW SUIT?...
...OR SHOULD I FEED YOU TO MY HAMSTER, ESCABAR?!
HELP! I'M BEING TORTURED BY A MILITANT MIDGET!!

WINGS DON'T FAIL ME NOW!!
YANK!
TEETH

HMMM...
TEETH

THIS SHOULD JUST ABOUT COVER IT, AND I'LL HAVE ENOUGH LEFT-OVER FOR A SKYKING LUNCH BOX

BUT WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH ALL THESE TEETH?
TEETH
K.LEMIEUX ©1991

BY R.VOGEL '90
YOU CHILLED TO MAD MAX...
YOU THRILLED TO ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK...
BUT REALITY IS STRANGER THAN FICTION IN
THE SQUAT
HERE WE ARE.
THREE ELEVEN-STORY CONCRETE HELL-HOLES.
HEY, WATCH OUT FOR COPS! OK?
LOOK! WHAT'S THAT BOAT DOING HERE?
OH, WE JUST STOLE THAT FOR THE HELL OF IT. HEY! LOOK AT THIS CORD. THEY MUST BE GETTING READY TO TEAR THESE FUCKERS DOWN.
I DON'T THINK WE'VE BEEN SEEN.
WHEW, WE MADE IT INSIDE.
WATCH OUT FOR THE CRACK-HEADS NOW.
OR ANY OTHER FREAKS
THE CRACK-HEADS GENERALLY HANG IN THE NORTH WING.
YEAH?
SO WHERE'S THIS PARTY?
STAY CLOSE, WE DON'T WANNA BE SEEN BY ANYONE.
WE GO UP HERE. THEY ALREADY TORE DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE.

THROUGH THIS HOLE TO THE NEXT FLOOR.
SHH! BE QUIET
HEY! WHAT'S THAT? DID YOU HEAR THAT?
THIS BUILDING WAS NEVER USED. WHY ARE THAY TEARING IT DOWN?
IT'S NOT BUILT TO CODE.
I CAN'T SEE. USE YOUR LIGHTER
FLIK
STAY LOW WHILE I OPEN THE SECRET DOOR.
PISS OFF COPS
WELL, HERE WE ARE. HOME SWEET HOME.
GIMME YOUR LIGHTER, AND I'LL FIND THE CANDLES. WATCH OUT. I THINK THERE'S A BOTTLE OF WINE AND A SLEEPING GIRL ON THE FLOOR.
FLIK
OUCH
I HEAR PEOPLE FREAKING OUT AND RUNNING AROUND.
EAT SHIT ITS GOOD FOR YOU
LEN'S SEX PISTOLS
RAMONES
THAT'S PROBABLY THE CRACK-HEADS. DON'T WORRY. THEY WON'T COME UP HERE. SO WHAT DO YOU THINK? HUH?
COOL SET-UP. SO, WHO'S THE GIRL, AND WHERE'S THIS PARTY?
HI! I'M CHERYL. EVERYONE LEFT TO SOMA CAUSE THE KEGS DIDN'T SHOW.
SOUP
PUCK POUK
KLIP KAP KIP KAP KAP KLANK KLAP KLIP KLASH KLANK KLANK

COME ON.
WHERE ARE WE GOING, NOW?
TO SEE TED AND CHRISTY, EVERYONE ELSE IS PROBABLY THERE.
WHO GOES THERE?
ME, BERT, AND TWO FRIENDS.
YEAH. OK. WHATEVER.
YOU BIG HOMO
FUCK YOU TIM
THESE ROOMS LOOK LIKE CELLS.
YEAH THIS PLACE LOOKS MORE LIKE A PRISON THAN PROJECTS.
YOU SAID IT.
WHO GOES THERE?
ME, BERT, AXE AND DOBBS.
OK. COME ON OVER.
WHAT'S UP?
DAMN, I FORGOT. SORRY.
DID YOU BRING THE BEER?
HEY, CAN YOU GET ME A JOB MAKING PIZZA?
COOL
YEAH. I ALMOST HAVE THE DEPOSIT SAVED FOR AN APARTMENT IN THE TENDERLOIN.
BUT I HAVE TO GO TO WORK TOMORROW MORNING.
BUMMER
IS IT DONE YET?
WE'RE SHOWING THEM WE CAN HOLD THESE TOP FLOORS.
WE'RE SAFE FROM JUNKIES.
GONNA KICK YOUR ASS PUNKS

WHAT IS THAT, ANYWAY?
WELL, THAT WAS PEAS AND THESE ARE VEGGIE PATTIES AND GARLIC BREAD.
HEY! CUT IT OUT! YOU GUYS ARE MAKING TOO MUCH NOISE.
FUCKIN' CRACK-HEADS! YOU'RE TOO LOUD.
MOTHER FUCKERS! I'LL SHOW YOU!
FUCK OFF JOE! WE ARE NOT.
YOU BETTER LEAVE MY FRIENDS ALONE!
MOTHER FUCKER
FUCKEN PUNKS
SONOF A BITCH!

YOU KNOW THEY'RE KNOCKING DOWN THIS BUILDING?
YA
HI. I'M DEAN FROM N.Y.C.
I'M AXE FROM BERKELEY.
IS THIS YOUR TAPE? LET'S PLAY IT.
I KNOW, THAT'S WHY I DECIDED TO LOWER THE HOMELESS STATISTICS BY MOVING MYSELF IN HERE
THAT SUCKS. ALL PEOPLE SHOULD HAVE THE RIGHT TO LIVE SOMEWHERE.
NOT FOR LONG, THOUGH.
I MAKE THE BAND T-SHIRTS.
I'M MIKE AND THIS IS MY GIRLFRIEND, CAT. I PLAY GUITAR.
HEY, I HEARD THIS SONG ON THE RADIO.
YOU SUCK
I DONT LIKE YOU
DONT TELL ME WHAT TO DO!

BERT, IT WAS YOUR TURN TO GET THE BEER.
YEAH! YOU HAVE TO GO FIND BEER.
NO BEER!?
I KNOW. I FORGOT. I'M SORRY. HEY— LETS GO GET BEER.

NO BEER? IT'S 1:00 A.M.
FUCK THAT! JUST LIBERATE IT.
AND WE HAVE TO SPARE CHANGE FOR IT, TOO.

HOW TO SUFFER PROPERLY

by Eddie Campbell

24th March 87.

The noted writer of the best seller, *HOW TO SUFFER PROPERLY*, MR. Pierpont Wilde, will be giving a 2-day seminar at the Town Hall on July 24th and 25th.

ON EMBARRASSMENT: "I have acquired the remarkable ability to reduce myself to ashes on the carpet at the first hint of an impending blush —"

ON BODY LANGUAGE: "I have spent years developing the correct demeanor for walking down the street. In this video made specially for the seminar you see me cheerfully accepting unsolicited punishment."

ON ACCOUTREMENTS - "As in the above scene, I only ever wear one contact lense. In case of loss due to unforeseen hostility, I always have another one at home. The resultant grimace invariably ensures a hostility"

You can hear Pierpont Wilde in person, July 24-25 — tickets are $200 including buffet on the 24th and overnight stay at our internationally celebrated Hotel accommodation, and are available at the Town Hall.

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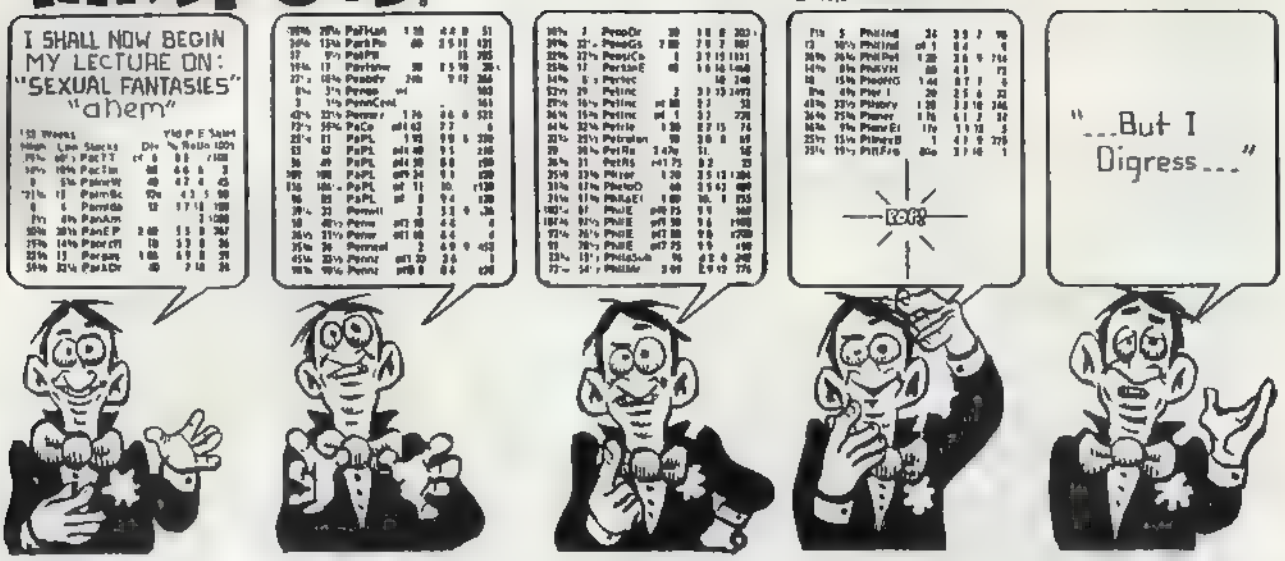

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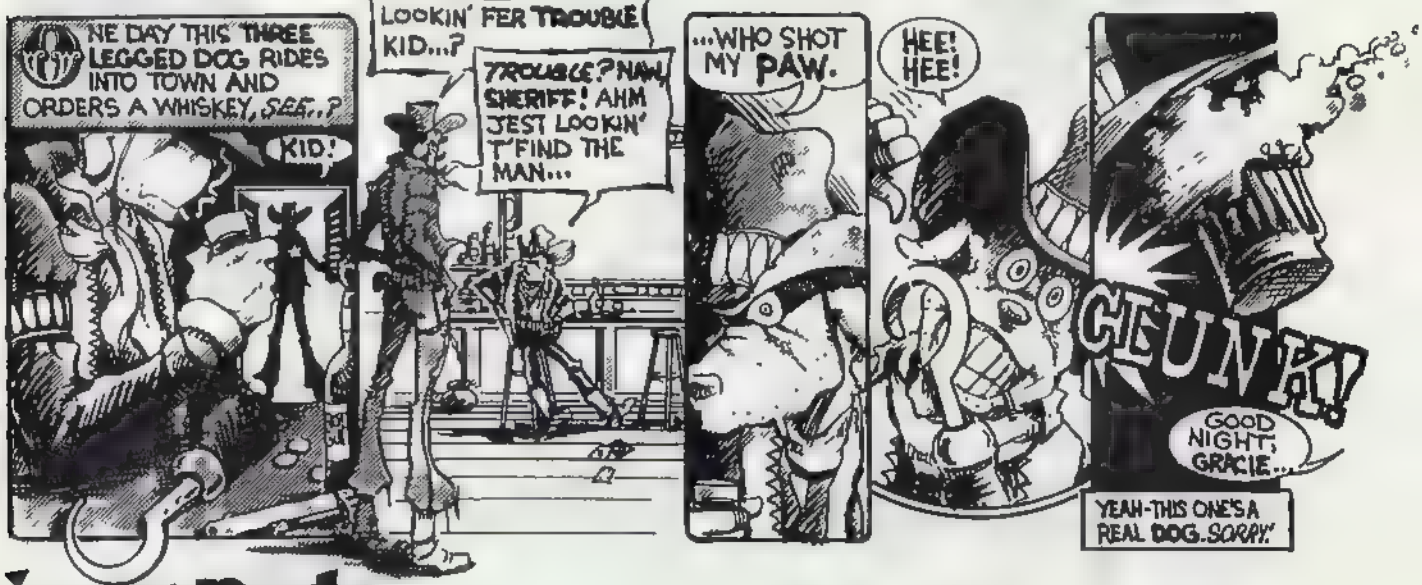

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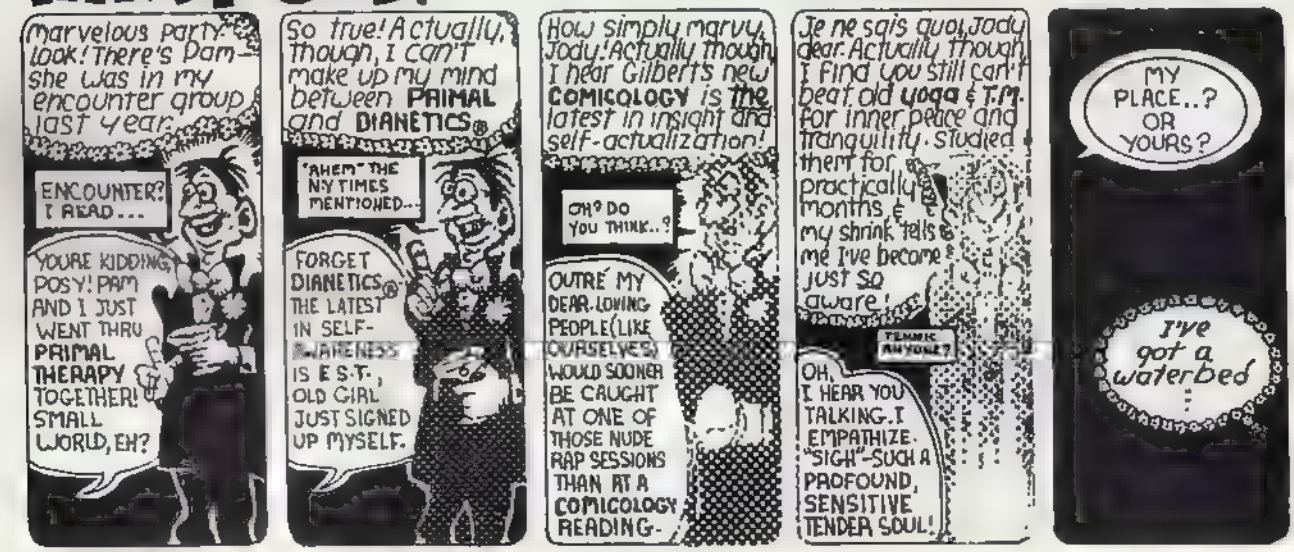


inkspots
© MICHAEL T. GILBERT
POLICE STRIKES! FIREMEN STRIKES!
STRIKE
FLAGRANT ABUSES OF POWER !!!!
BAM
WHAT'S THIS WORLD COMING TO? WELL... IF THESE GUYS THINK THEY CAN HOLD A GUN TO MY HEAD...
TO THEM I SAY....
"A MILLION FOR DEFENSE BUT NOT ONE CENT FOR TRIBUTE"
SNIFF! SNIFF!
EH.? SNIFF WHAT'S THAT SMELL
AAAA
AND THERE YOU HAVE IT, VINCE.
AAAA SIZZLE
TH' PERFECT CRIME.
NO CORPUS DELICTI NO EVIDENCE
SHAME THEY DON'T PRINT COMICS ON ASBESTOS, EH?
PITY.
CIGARETTE, O'BRIAN?
BAH!! ALWAYS THIS SAME SILLY "CARTOONY" STYLE! HEY! MR EDITOR! HOWZ ABOUT LETTING ME DRAW MYSELF IN AN ADVENTURE STRIP? HUH?
OK! OK! ANYTHING! JUST GET OFF MY BACK!
OH BOY! NOW-THE ADVENTURES OF..
CAPTAIN GILBERT... STAR RANGER
IN OUR LAST EPISODE, OUR HERO WAS ABOUT TO BE EATEN ALIVE BY THE OBNOXIOUS VENUSIAN FLEASAURUS..
HEY, BOSS! ON SECOND THOUGHT..
TOO LATE, SUCKER!
OH! UH...HE! I'M ON? WELL JUST LET ME TOSS ASIDE MY ANATOMICAL STUDIES AND I'LL BEGIN MY CARTOONING LECTURE. AS YOU KNOW, CREATING CARTOONS CAN BE A GREAT MEANS OF EXPRESSION...AND A LOT OF FUN, TO BOOT!!
OF COURSE, THERE ARE CERTAIN "OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS"! SINCE CARTOONING IS AT BEST A SLOW AND PAINS-TAKING PROCESS - WE CARTOONISTS OCCASIONALLY RUN INTO SOME PROBLEMS MEETING...
CARTOON FOR BIG BUCKS
...DEADLINES!

SUPPOSE YOU TONED IN ONE NIGHT..AND..
FFFROM HOLLYWOOD... IT'S THE GOOD NIGHT SHOW
FEATURINK GUEST HOST, UNCLE JOE, WITH 'DOC' BERIA AND THE RED ARMY ORCHESTRA, THE MIGHTY KGB ART PLAYERS, I'M HOWDY IVAN...
AND NOW... HEEEERES JOEY...!
YAY WHEEE CLAP CLAP CLAP
GRITTINKS KOMRADS... MY IS LONG DRIVE IN FROM MOSCOW...
HA HA HA
WAS SURPRISED TO BE ASKED TO GUEST HOST TONIGHT, BOT ODDER HOSTS ARE ALL TIED UP... IN FACT, ARE BACK STAGE TIED UP RIGHT NOW...
HA HA HA HA
OR HOW 'BOUT THIS MIDDLE EAST THING..? IS GOOD NO..? IS FIRST TIME IN YEARS NO BOTTY IS BLAMINK US SOVIETS...
HA HA HA
NOW BACK IN MY DAY... SOCK POW!! WE KICK ASS AND TAKE NAMES..! IN TWO DAYS IT'S OVER...! BOT WITH THAT WIMPIN WASHINGTON, WHAT YOU GONNA DO..?
HEH HEH HEH
BOT THESE KUWAITIES, THEY GOT PLENTY MONEYS, NO..? PERHAPS THEY SHOULD SHOP AROUND AND BUY THEMSELVES NEW COUNTRY..
WE GOT PARTS OF U.S.S.R. WE'D BE GLAD TO SELL... SUCH A DEAL WE COULD GIVE THEM ON AZERBAYDZHAN...
HA HA HA
SPEAKINK OF U.S.S.R., IS SO COLD IN SIBERIA...
HOW COLD IS IT..?
IS SO COLD YOU GONNA BE WISHINK YOU WEREN'T THERE, IF YOU NYET STOP INTERUPTINK MONOLOGUE!!
BOT ENOUGH WITH PLAYFUL BANTER. SO TO INTRODUCINK OUR FIRST GUESTS...
TWO CUTIES WHO'D WARM UP ANY MOSCOW NIGHT...
MISS CUTIE BUNNY AND MISS CUTEY BUNNY
CLAP CLAP CLAP
HELLO JOE
WHADDA YA KNOW?
MMMM DOTS A BIT CONFUSINK... MIND TELLINK DA AUDIENCE HOW YOU HAVINK SUCH SIMILAR NAMES..?
CLAP CLAP
WHEEEE
CLAP CLAP BOP HA HA HAK
CLAP CLAP CLAP
YAY WHOOPIE KOWIE

NOT AT ALL JOE... I'M KELLY O'HARE, CUTEY BUNNY... I MADE MY FIRST COMIC APPEARANCE BACK IN 1981...
BUT YOU'VE BEEN IN SEMIRETIREMENT THESE PAST FEW YEARS... NO..?
"SEMIRETIREMENT"..? I THINK IT'S MORE LIKE THE CARTOONIST WHO DRAWS US HAS HAD HIS BRAIN ON VACATION...
HOW DO YOU THINK I FEEL?
JOSHUA QUAGMIRE ©92. INKS: DAVE GARCIA AND F. TUBBS
I'M HEATHER AP-GLENDOWNER... THE ORIGINAL VERSION OF CUTIE BUNNY... MY ADVENTURES ARE USUALLY SET BACK IN WORLD WAR II... WHILE KELLY'S ARE MORE OR LESS PRESENT DAY... BUT AFTER ALL THESE YEARS I'VE HARDLY BEEN PUBLISHED AT ALL..?
THAT'S WHY WE CALL HEATHER, "THE CUTIE OF EARTH TOO"... YOU SEE, I'M CUTEY BUNNY AND SHE'S CUTIE TOO... IT'S A LI'L JOKE...
IS FONNY
DIDN'T GET MUCH OF A REACTION DID IT..??
IS BECAUSE APPLAUSE SIGN ONLY WORKS WHEN I SAY JOKE...
BUT NOW... IS TIME FOR WORD FROM SPONSOR... AND WHEN WE RETURN, PERHAPS MISS O'HARE WILL BE TELLINK US ABOUT HER OFF SCREEN ROMANCE WITH FORMER COSTAR...
WHAT?
SPUDISK VODKA 120 PRF

AHHH WE'RE BACK...
OOPS
IS MINOR CHANGE IN PLAN... TELL US GIRLS...YOU RECENTLY APPEARED TOGETHER IN A NEW COMIC...?
WHY YES... IN FACT JOE, WE APPEARED WITH YOU IN "UNCLE JOE'S COMMIE BOOK"... ON SALE NOW..!
HMMPH
IS SMALL WORLD
BY STRANGE COINCIDENCE, WE HAVE SOME CLIPS... WHAT IS THIS FIRST ONE? ARE YOU WALKINK ON CEILINK?
UMMM... I THINK THE FILM'S UPSIDE DOWN..
OH... DA... REMIND ME TO HAVE PROJECTIONIST SHOT... NOW WHAT IS THIS..?
WELL... WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE COMPLETED BOOK AS YET... BUT I THINK THIS IS A SCENE WHERE WE'RE ALL ROASTING POTATOES AROUND A FIRE...
IS EXCITINK ACTION SCENE..?
NO... I THINK IT WAS LATER CUT FROM THE FINAL VERSION...

WELL DOT'S SHOW BIZ... NOW WHAT'S THIS..?
OH,..IT'S ONE OF MY BIG FIGHT SCENES,.. AND I DO ALL THE STUNTS MYSELF..!
REALLY..? DOT'S AMAZINK..
OH NOT WHEN YOU'VE SPENT AS MUCH TIME AS I DEVELOPING A PERFECT PHYSIQUE AND ...
POIT
SHRIK
EEP!
SNAG
RRRIP SNAP
OOOOH, I HOPE THEY CUT THAT LAST SHOT!!
REMEMBER TO SAVE DOT CLIP...

AND NOW HERE'S A SCENE WITH YOU TWO TOGETHER ... SAY, ISN'T DOT FOXSKI...
OH THIS IS THE BIG INTERROGATION SCENE.. THE NAZIS HAVE CAPTURED KELLY AND I, BUT VICKY DISGUISES HERSELF AS ONE OF THEM AN..
HALLO BUNNY LOVES, IT'S PARTY TIME..!
GASP
OH NO!
COM'ERE CUDDLES, ALL I WANT IS YOUR NAME RANK AND TELEPHONE NUMBER... ROWWLL
B-BUT THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE OUR RESCUE SCENE!
VICKY PLEASE
RESCUE?? YOU MUST NOT HAVE READ THE LATEST REWRITES... THIS IS THE X-RATED VERSION..!
A RUB DOWN WITH BABY OIL... A FIRM SPANKING... THEN THE CHOCOLATE SYRUP...
TUM TEE TUM... LET'S SEE...TO START OUR INTERROGATION FIRST A STRIP SEARCH..
OH OH!
WE HAD TO REDO THIS SCENE 20 OR 30 TIMES... I THINK KELLY KEPT INTENTIONALLY MUFFING HER LINES... GIGGLE...
I DID NOT!!
KISS SMACK
FIRST QUESTION HUNNYBUNS... AMMM HOLLANDAISE OR FRENCH..??
SPANK
SPLONK
SPANK
SPANK
WHAK
OUCH
OUCH
AAHHH GASP

AND BESIDES,.. IT WAS MY STUNT DOUBLE...
DOUBLE!?!
HEATHER THAT'S YOU IN BODY MAKE UP!?!
SLURP
WELL... JUST BECAUSE YOU NEVER WANT TO HAVE ANY FUN...
GLORP
SMO CHISHAK
I...YOU...SHE... WHY THAT TWO TIMING... oOOoo YOU DOUBLE CROSSING...
K-KELLY
GIRLS GIRLS IS ALL LIEDLE JOKESKI
JOKE?!?
DA...W-WE JUST SPLICED OLD CLIPS TOGETHER,.. IS ALL FAKE...
JOE WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS?!?
I CAN NYET TELL THE LIE...WAS MY FILM EDITOR, HOWDY IVAN..
YIKE
SOCK
POW
E'D
WELL IS TIME FOR STATION BREAK KOMRAD KIDSKIS... BOT DON'T TUNE OUT... WHEN WE COME BACK, WE HAVE AMUSINK CARTOON ABOUT FIELD STRIPPINK AN AK-47...
oOOOoo I NEVER..!! JUST WAIT'LL I...
BUT HONEST KELLY, WE JUST..

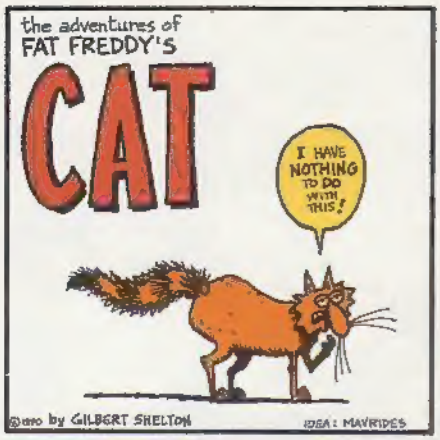
RAGE

A STRIP FOR PEOPLE WHO HAVE BAD TEMPERS AND GET MAD EASILY— STARRING JOEY FONTAINE

WORDS BY MARK BURBEY

PICTURES BY BILI TURNER

© 1989


the adventures of
FAT FREDDY'S
CAT
I HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS!
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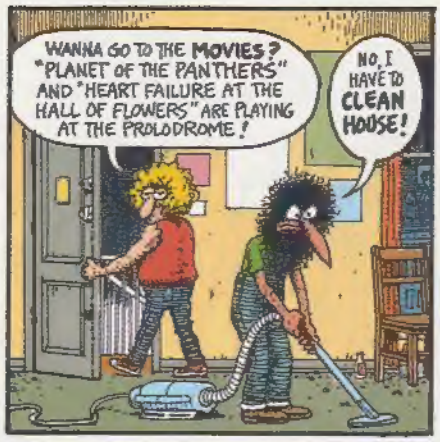
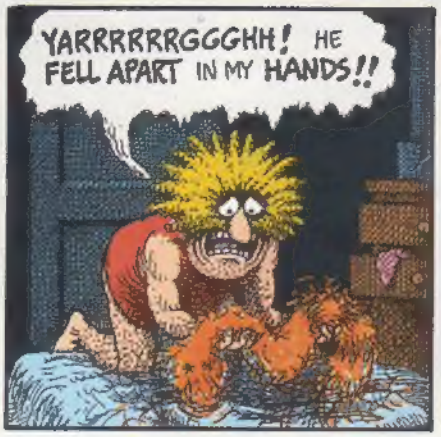
IDEA: MAVRIDES

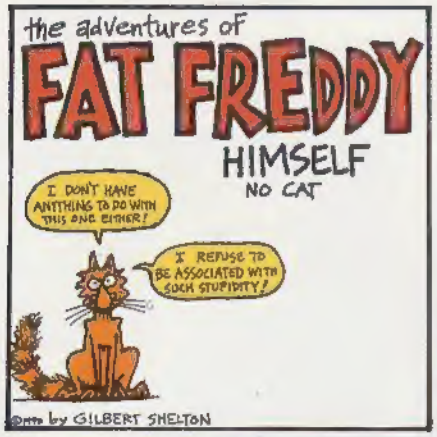

WANNA GO TO THE MOVIES? "PLANET OF THE PANTHERS" AND "HEART FAILURE AT THE HALL OF FLOWERS" ARE PLAYING AT THE PROLODROME!
NO, I HAVE TO CLEAN HOUSE!

YECCH! I'VE VACUUMED UP THREE ENTIRE BAGFULS OF ORANGE CAT HAIR!
HEH HEH HEH! I KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT!

SOME TIME AFTER MIDNIGHT, FAT FREDDY RETURNS HOME.
GET OFF MY PILLOW, CAT! I WANT TO GO TO SLEEP!


YARRRRRRGGGHH! HE FELL APART IN MY HANDS!!

I DUNNO, I THINK I'VE BEEN SEEING TOO MANY HORROR FLICKS!
THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP


the adventures of
FAT FREDDY
HIMSELF
NO CAT
I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS ONE EITHER!
I REFUSE TO BE ASSOCIATED WITH SUCH STUPIDITY!
©1990 by GILBERT SHELTON

I'VE DECIDED TO TAKE UP JOGGING!
LOOK! I BOUGHT A JOGGING OUTFIT!

SO LONG, I'M OFF TO THE PARK!

THIS I GOTTA SEE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, FREDDY? WHY AREN'T YOU JOGGING?

THIS JOGGING OUTFIT DOESN'T WORK!
TH' DARN THING WON'T JOG!